

JULY, 1920

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NATIONAL *Monthly* MAGAZINE

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WARREN G. HARDING—THE MAN *See page 170*



Secretary of Agriculture Meredith says:

"If I were to refer at all to the high cost of living, I would say its solution is a mutual problem for all of us. It is the farmers' problem; it is the laborers' problem; and it is the business men's problem; and we must all work together mutually to take out of the cost of distribution, the cost of production, and the waste in labor every item that we can in meeting this situation."

Secretary of Agriculture Meredith in a speech before the Chicago Association of Commerce

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Gov. Calvin Coolidge

Says:

"DO the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a standpatter, but don't be a standpatter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table."

Forty-three representative addresses by Governor Coolidge have been gathered into a book under the title

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. XLIX

JULY, 1920

New Series No. 4

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CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON 25, MASSACHUSETTS
WILLIAM H. CHAPPLE, President JOHN C. CHAPPLE, Vice-President
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, Treasurer

Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter
PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.40 a Year

20 Cents a Copy

* A subscription blank enclosed indicates that your subscription has expired
MONOTYPED AND PRINTED BY THE CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, BOSTON, U. S. A.

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What Is It We Want?



HE world is on its last delirious drunk of materialism. Inflation-prosperity and revolutionary license and strike epidemics have sent us reeling, gasping, groping for a something which deifies the pursuit and possession of money as the solution of all problems. Yet the illusion of the dollar as the Alpha and Omega of life has been dispelled as completely as the divine right of kings' theory. C'est la guerre!

Many are looking back, like Lot's wife, hoping for a return to pre-war conditions and pre-war policies. And just as inevitably will those who lack vision be turned to salt. For a greed-intoxicated world is sobering up.

How can we get the most out of life? Is not that the supreme question which comes to you time and time again?

The feverish pursuit of the illusive Golden Fleece of the present day stifles the still, small voice. But listen! . . . initiative, not lust; fellowship, not greed; above all, sincerity . . . The voice, ever ready, ever neglected, is speaking.

In a pause from routine work, in a thoughtful breathing spell, an indefinable longing creeps into the heart. The lie that happiness is reflected in Dunn and Bradstreet's ratings loses its subtlety. Then comes a mocking emptiness. You have sensed it?

When Socrates propounded the doctrine "Know Thyself," he was waging war against a selfishness similar to that of the present day. Unconscious selfishness, largely. And therefore, when recognized, uprooted. Happily, Americans are beginning to know themselves.

Lurid advertising, siren-like, beckons to youth with the promise of sure quick riches. And quack literature shows how—for a dollar. The price is paid in, too. . . . Little wonder at the trail of warm, human initiative burnt to ash.

Disillusioned, we turn back to cultivate our own fields, no more to strain restlessly toward the more distant scene, while weeds grow up about us. Pride in our work, true sociableness, sincerity, now almost at a discount, are again in a bull market. The world, as the "red liquor" burns itself out, will snatch them at a premium.

Sincerity is the soil of life, happiness the flower. And through service to friend and to community, it is ours to be creators of happiness. The reward is a greater happiness, that of he who gives with no thought of return.

The ragged tramp who beats your carpets for a meal, if he be rightly deserving of the trust which little children (best of judges) put in him, has achieved a greater end than the master of millions who leaves behind a husk of shallow friends to buy flowers, and forget.

Yes, our intoxicated world is beginning to sober up. Communism—applied selfishness—has exploded among intelligent people. An occasional flare remains, as the popping of a dying ember on the coals. A festering sore, unsightly, but proof that the poison is being eradicated by the system.

Community-ism waits on the threshold of this—the new age. Materialism bred wrecked aspirations and unsatisfied longings. The new order leadeth into the green pastures and beside the still waters of a more sincere civilization.

The promise of content replaces the specie-mark as emblem on the flag of nations, unfurled anew.

The march is on! Catch the step?



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



It seemed like shifting the scenes of a great play when senators and congressmen were hustling about after recess in the early days of June to prepare for the great political convention. Bags and boxes were filled with papers and documents that might have weighty effect on determining the destiny of conditions. It was all one swirl of political excitement. Investigation of the funds used by the various candidates was conducted with a purpose—in some ways with the sinister purpose of affecting the fortunes of various aspirants. It was the last move in a desperate game.

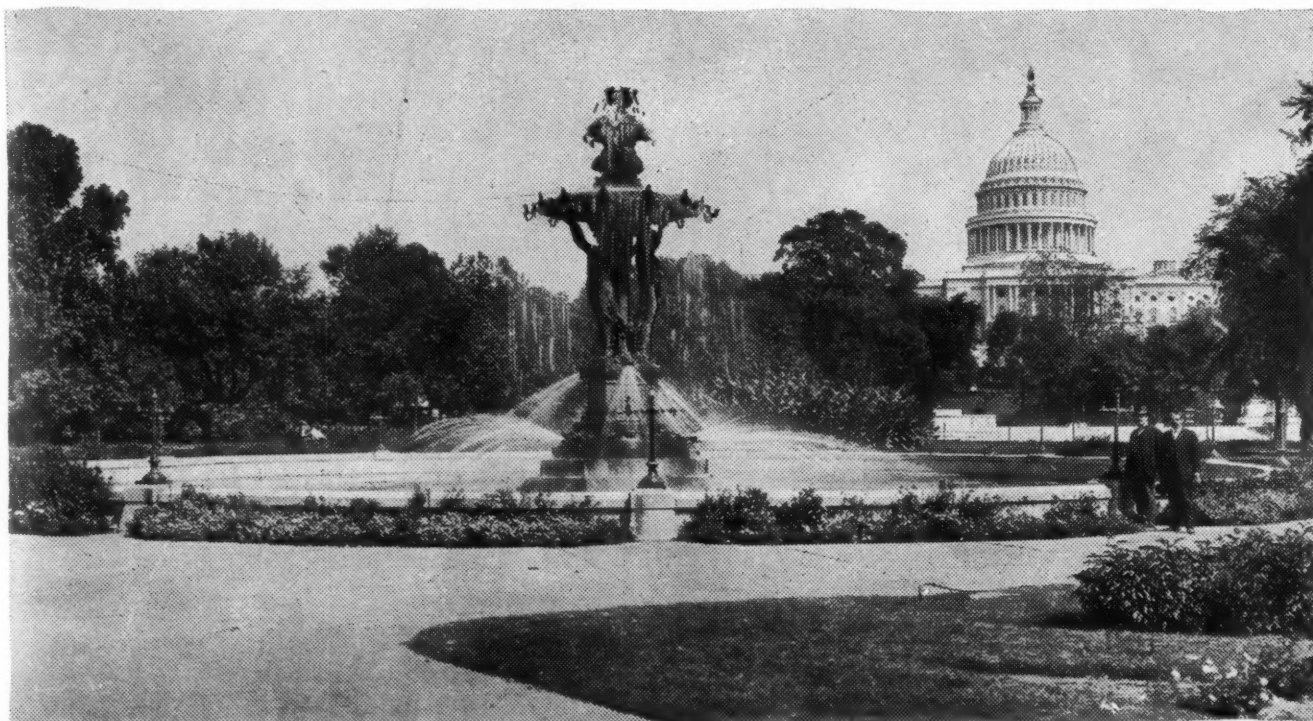
The likelihood of the success of the election of the Republican candidate naturally focused interest on the Chicago convention. Even the Democrats seemed more intent on what would happen there than what might happen at San Francisco. The scenes may shift back again to Washington when the campaign is under way, with the lights burning long during the night in the various headquarters.

It was a startling revelation to the American people that the high cost of running for President had gone up with all other activities. There was a hurry and scurry in auditing the books, and the senatorial tribunal investigation and pri-

mary nomination funds made one long for the old days, when the expensive luxury of primaries was unknown, and when leaders made themselves by force of contact rather than by exploitive publicity campaigns.

When the vote was taken on the Knox resolution, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I chanced to walk through the corridor of the Marble Room and caught a glimpse of the faces of the senators on the Republican and Democratic side as they were meeting the crisis. Senator Knox, unperturbed, walked out after the resolution was passed, with a smile of satisfaction on his face that could not be disguised. Senators Hitchcock and Pomerene had made the last desperate fight to save the late lamented League. But the die was cast and the resolution was sent to the president for the inevitable veto, and in this moment one great issue of the campaign was clearly defined. The vote was passed by 43 to 38. At that very moment there was passing over the Capitol dome the great, dark hulk of a dirigible that cast a grim shadow as it passed by, suggesting war days overseas—in far-off Myers field the drone of the aeroplanes indicated that interest in aviation is not wanting.

What a spectacle of history was presented as we stood on the very spot where Abraham Lincoln had taken the oath of office



VIEW IN THE UNITED STATES BOTANIC GARDEN LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL

and uttered the immortal words that crystalized into the preservation of the Union, and on looking aloft, as he looked, to evoke divine help and guidance, to see the air filled with throbbing, living, breathing, messages of cloud-land overhead.



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ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON, POSTMASTER-GENERAL

Generally accredited as being the direct spokesman for the President on many important issues. Mr. Burleson's pre-convention statement demanding a repeal of "drastic and absurd" provisions of the Volstead act, and his pronunciamento upon the Democratic attitude toward organized labor were regarded as inspired utterances

One distinguished personage, looking out upon the clouds then gathering in the west, threatening a storm, remarked to a bystander: "Looks like a wet day."

The bystander was from Wyoming, an errant student in soil and stature, and, moving the cud in his mouth from one side to the other, remarked:

"Don't believe it. Them clouds are only empties coming back. There's no hope for a thirsty soul these days."

Indeed, Yes! "Politics Make Strange Bed-fellows"

THE self-same psychology that holds good in seat-mates at school, applies to seat-mates in the United States Senate. The wheel of fortune decreed that Senator Philander Knox, ultra-conservative, of sedate Pennsylvania, should sit beside Hiram Johnson, ultra-radical, of erratic California.

The natural inclination to "whisper in school" was indicated in the furtive conferences on the Senate floor—while the

Vice-President was trying to preserve order, some colleague was endeavoring to enlighten the world on liberty or some other profound subject. In the galleries sat spectators, demurely with arms off the balustrade, looking up each senator according to the number indicated on the diagram. There does not seem to be any "high peak personalities" in the Senate nowadays. Visitors know much more about stars in the base-ball league than they do about stars in the Senate. Many new names have appeared in the Congressional firmament, and events have moved so swiftly that there does not seem to be an opportunity for reputations to crystalize. Seniority counts in the Senate. The years of public service of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge represent a lifetime. He has risen to the heights of statesmanship and did very little whispering in school—just worked.

After the political conventions, another round of debates on the League, Peace Treaty, Jove-like or kindred subjects, names of the Senators may become more familiar to the people. In these days a leader of a lively presidential boom, commanding a few barrels of supplies, has a fame more eminent, than one wearing a United States Senatorial toga.

*The Old Order Passeth, and is Known
of Men No More Forever*

A TEAM of horses dashing down the avenue toward the Agricultural Department attracted as much attention as elephants in the circus parade years ago. These horses were from the United States Morgan horse farm, which is located at Berry, Vermont. Fifty or sixty horses are at this farm, and the government is fighting valiantly to save these



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CARTER GLASS

Former Secretary of the Treasury, now Senator from Virginia, recognized as the dependable wheel horse of the administration, with his usual garb resembling the babblings of a tongue-tied clam, was eagerly but vainly listened to for some formal expression of the President's views upon the construction of the party platform

horses. This team was sent to the Secretary of Agriculture from Vermont as an exhibition of what could be done in breeding these horses in these days of brooding over the price of gasoline. There may come a time when the children will be taken to a museum and circus and shown horses in confinement, the same as camels are now displayed, and told:

"My child, this is a horse, once familiarly known to mankind as 'the beast of burden'."

Then he may be taken to the chemical laboratory. On a shelf there may be bottles labelled in Latin. From one of these shelves a specimen will be taken up tenderly and looked upon as a rare gem of a glorious past and told in accents tinged with sadness of voice by the grandfather: "This, my child, was a cocktail, known to your forefathers as an exhilarator, a comfort and joy, but now only belongs to the ages."

The hope of the wets seems to be evaporating as the decisions come from the Supreme Court, and the edicts come from Congress and legislative bodies. One thing is certain: The saloon will never come back, and while there are bottle routes available for allaying thirst, also private stills blossoming here and there, it is too much trouble, and to deliberately violate constitutional law is not a proud achievement for any American citizen, whatever that law may be. Many millions of men have found out that liquor is not a necessity, and that personal liberty, after all, must ever bow to the welfare of the many. While everybody talks about wet candidates, they vote and they decide dry. They recall that twenty million women



WILLIAM GIBBS MCADOO (WITH FRANK A. VANDERLIP)

In Mr. McAdoo's ninth-hour decision to withdraw from the nomination contest, the Democratic party undoubtedly lost its one big chance for continued control at Washington. The President's evident intention to remain in control of the party and to dictate the organization of the convention is believed to be responsible for Mr. McAdoo's withdrawal



HON. JAMES M. COX, GOVERNOR OF OHIO

Next to the ex-Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. McAdoo), the Governor of Ohio may safely be called the "strong man" of the Democratic party. But for the positive and outspoken opposition of the "dry" forces, led by Mr. Bryan, his chances for securing the nomination would have been exceedingly bright

voters have now entered the political body of the United States and they are going to keep the country dry, and have something to say about the high cost of living. While woman suffrage has not yet changed political usages, the average husband and wife are likely to agree on politics: There's no doubt that woman suffrage has cleaned up the political cesspools and transferred the balance of power from the bar room to somewhere else. Those who are looking back to pre-war times and ideals are likely to be turned into pillars of salt. Too much salt brings on a thirst that can only be quenched by the purling waters from the hydrant that God provided for satisfying human thirst.

Like a Cuttle Fish
Hiding Behind a Cloud of Ink

IT has always been agreed that President Wilson is a scholar, and his veto of a bill because of grammatical errors is quite consistent and in keeping with his record. The errors were corrected and the bill grammatically returned, escaping further

veto displeasure. This had its influence upon the committees preparing the platform for the various political parties, for whatever else is done, we must have, together with all other important features concerning it, a grammatically correct



Copyright, Harris & Ewing BAINBRIDGE COLBY, SECRETARY OF STATE

As delegate-at-large from the District of Columbia, Mr. Colby disclaimed any implication of a second-place boom in his own behalf, and expressed himself as "for the League of Nations without reservations"

platform. President Wilson was pronounced by one of his critics as a man who could bury ideas in words and phrases better than any president that had given out state papers, and these papers, aglow with interest during war times and in the fever heat of the hour, did not seem to stand the test of re-reading no matter how correct or classic they may be in word and phrase. The people seem to understand

and still like to cling to the good, old monologue expression which Thomas Jefferson inaugurated in the Declaration of Independence.

*An Encouraging Portent
of Advancement in Liberalism*

THE West Point Military Academy has always, and for good reasons, been considered the most exclusive (not to say snobbish) institution of our glorious Democracy. That some special cachet of aristocracy should attach to any graduate from its sacred portals has been an anomalous condition existing in a governmentally administered training school, supported by the tax-payers of a Republic.

All this aside, it is gratifying to note that under the system now announced by the War Department the doors of this exclusive institution, supported by the people, should be opened a trifle wider for the admission of the sons of the people. The age limit for entrance at the academy is raised to twenty-four years for any applicant who has an honorable record of not less than one year's service in the armed forces of the United States or the Allied armies in the World War. The applicant for admission must be, at the time of his selection, an enlisted member of a National Guard organization recognized by the Federal government.

How many such prizes are to be awarded will be made known soon, with their apportionment among the several States according to the enlisted strength of the National Guard, after which the governors will institute preliminary examinations and make their selection. This new order of procedure has much to commend it.

*In Other Words
There's a Lot of Froth on Top*

THIS is an age of expositions. The power of gasoline is but a succession of explosions, and, perhaps, that is the reason why expositions must come thick and fast in all campaigns to keep the people awake and alive to the issues. There is a Gatling-gun activity these days, and things must go pop, pop, pop, pop, or else they will not be popular. There must be statements and declarations that will read in the headlines that, "so and so flays this one and that." There must be a vigorous denunciation and tensing of feeling that must be indicated in the head, no matter what may be in the heart of the subject. It is the same old struggle between men, only with a few variations speeded up. The old-time cry for the poor laboring man, poor farmer, tax on railroad corporations and a lot of the old bunk has been exploded. The fact of the matter is that everyone is profiteering in a greater or lesser degree, and keeping an eye on everybody's business except their own—the same as nations are doing today. The solution will come when everybody settles down and finds their own little area of work and produce something for the joy of producing it, and not worry about what the other fellow is getting. It would seem some times that it is not the big corporations, but the little corporations and the individuals that are playing havoc on the profiteer proposition. Where are you going to place the blame? Self preservation and self interest is now as it has ever been—the cohesive element of society.

*John Bull's Canny Suggestion
for Wiping the Score*

DURING the past year numerous "feelers" have been thrown out with a view to ascertaining American sentiment on the proposition that we cancel the \$10,000,000,000 of loans made to the allied nations during the war. Premier Lloyd George says: "Our position is well known. We will wipe out the debt owed us by our allies, if our creditor, America, will do the same. We are sorry to occupy position of creditor, but we must as long as we are also debtor with respect to America."

Although not stated specifically, it is implied that the sacrifice by England would be the same as by the United States if a general cancellation of debts were made. Let us consider if this is so.

America has loaned roughly \$10,000,000,000 to the allies. England has loaned about \$8,700,000,000. Of England's total loans about half were made to France and Italy, the other half going to Russia, Serbia and other allied countries. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer has admitted that only half of England's loans can be considered good.

By cancellation, therefore, England stands to lose \$4,800,000,000, which is approximately the amount she has borrowed from us. If we cancel, then England loses nothing, while we lose \$10,000,000,000. At the same time the allies are talking about their poverty and the necessity for cancelling their debts to us they are imposing an indemnity of \$30,000,000,000 on Germany.

If Germany can pay \$30,000,000,000 in her present condition, is it unreasonable to expect the allies, who are to receive this money, to pay us one-third of that amount?

*1920 Republican Organization Resembles
a Fraternal Order*

IN his conduct of the 1916 Republican campaign Chairman Will H. Hays never hesitated at an innovation, and he has done much to establish the conduct of political campaigns on a business basis in forgetting that acquaintance plays a large part in all human activities.

There was a little week-end gathering at Atlantic City of authors, artists and editors—all interested in the Republican cause—that proved a notable gathering. It was under the direction of Owen Johnson and seemed like a reunion of the old periodical days. They went down on the train together and got acquainted. Here were assembled the cartoonists, the authors and the editors. While they had all heard of each other, and corresponded with each other, many of them had never met face to face. The dinner was a brilliant affair. With Job Hedges as toastmaster how could it be otherwise? Senator Beveridge made a wonderful talk and Senator Lodge gave a rather colloquial address concerning his wrestlings with the League of Nations. The Governor of Kentucky was the last to speak. When he had finished he left a beautiful picture in the minds of all as to what the real duty of the League was, illustrating it with a touching story of simple folks in the mountains of his native state. Harry West in the presence of Washington newspaper men could not resist the gridiron impulse and interpolated at the dinner a number of skits that carried effective campaign lessons. It was a get-together meeting which indicated that the Republican party in 1920, more than ever before, is a great fraternal organization.

People are finding out that it is pleasant to gather together with men of kindred political beliefs and conviction and pull together for a common cause and exercise the rights of citizenship. There are only two ways of expressing it—either as a Democrat or a Republican, and the determination of the Republicans this year is to make it the best party and best deserving of the support of the people. Much depends on knowing each other, as well as knowing the issues and knowing the responsibilities that must be faced.

*And Yet There Are a Lot of People
Yapping for Government Control*

THE government has "handed back" the railroads—physically, yes; morally, no! For they will never be the same again. The blight of government operation has done its work—their morale is hopelessly shattered. The glorious traditions of an epic-century wherein men bound the North and South, the East and West with bands of shining steel are all forgotten, or linger only in the memories of those that remember the old days, when to be "a railroad man" was a mark of distinction because of the high ideals of devotion to their duty that animated the knights of the rail. From president to track-walker, the spirit that animated the entire organization was the same—intense loyalty, unfaltering industry, indifference to danger and disregard of discomforts made for an *esprit de corps* that set railroading in this country on a pinnacle of achievement

never attained elsewhere. This was an asset of incalculable value, not to be reckoned in dollars and cents, that once squandered, can never be replaced. The physical neglect and waste that obtained under government management may



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Contrary to somewhat general expectations, Mr. Bryan did not "shy his kelly in the ring." He was nevertheless a very busy person during the preliminaries prefacing the big bout. As he said himself, "I am too busy fixing planks for the Democratic party to think of running for President, and I am doubtful of third party expediency." The prohibition plank hewed out by him was, as might be expected, bone dry and iron bound

be repaired, the shortage of equipment can be made good, and financial credit can be gradually restored, but there is no alchemy in legislative enactment that can restore the broken morale of the railroad organizations, evidences of which greet us on every hand.

Under temporary government ownership the most perfect telephone system in the world fell to pieces like a house of cards. Once again under private control trained executives are laboring day and night to build it up again, but it seems to be a slow job. Any rebuilding job is slow.

The postal service is another example of what government ownership means. Wm. A. Law, president of the First National Bank of Philadelphia, says of it in the bank's bulletin for June:

It was never more difficult to do business than it is today. The mail service between Philadelphia and New York is so unreliable that special delivery matter mailed in the afternoon is not sure of delivery

to Wall Street banks in time to get the items into the clearing house the next morning. This seems incredible, for the distance is only ninety miles and two splendidly equipped railroads furnish as fine and expeditious train service as anywhere in the world. In order to save a full day's interest charge in the collection of an enormous volume of

suburban towns around New York, while distribution within New York City limits is sometimes almost as slow.

The fallacy of the doctrine of government ownership lies in the fact that "competition is the life of trade." Take away competition and you take away the main incentive to excel, and reduce all human effort to the dead level of mediocrity.

*A Splendid Tribute from
Fellow Craftsmen*

AS evidence that the Republican presidential nominee is in good standing with the craft, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by Marion Typographical Union, No. 675, subsequent to the announcement of his candidacy:

Be it resolved by Typographical Union, No. 675: That we most heartily endorse the candidacy of Warren G. Harding for the nomination of President of the United States, on the Republican ticket. That we always found him fair and considerate of all his employees; always paying more than the established scale of wages in his plant at Marion, Ohio. He has never known any strike or lockout or any dispute with his employees. He himself, in his younger days, was a practical printer, and knows, from actual experience and long hours at the case, the trial and cares of a fellow craftsman, and we are proud of having one of our fellow citizens and fellow workers as a candidate for this high office, especially when we know, from our being associated with him, that he preserves the personal traits and business qualifications essential to this high office.

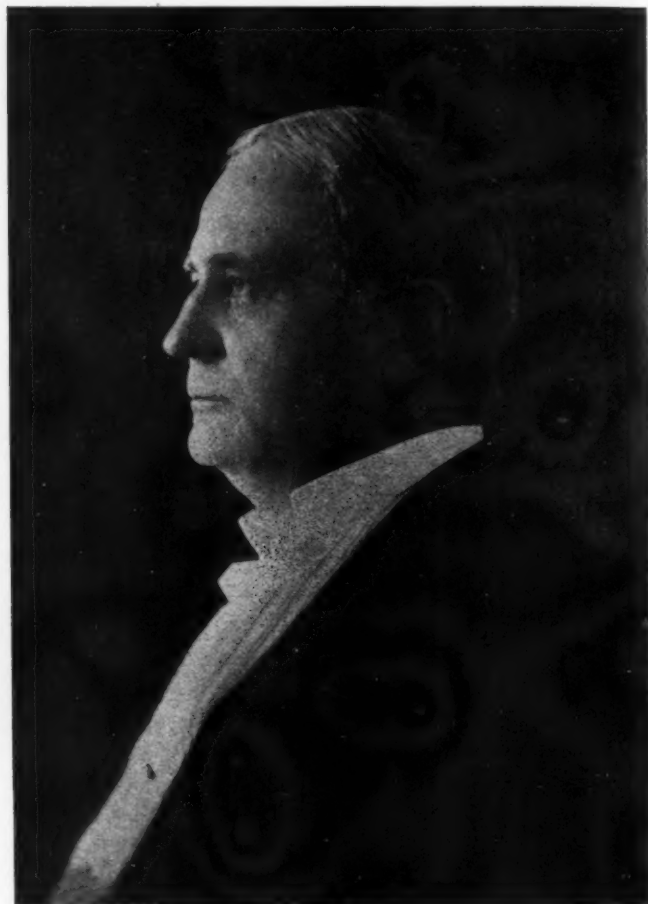


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A. MITCHELL PALMER, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

The laboriously constructed and carefully nurtured Palmer boom, lacking the open support of the President, and contending against the opposition of organized labor, met the untimely fate to which it was predestined from the first

exchange, therefore, some of the large Philadelphia banks now send over these checks every day by special messengers. That this should be necessary in a highly developed railroad territory would be ludicrous were it not for the light it throws upon the low efficiency of the postal service in a densely populated area. It may be doubted if any similarly located cities produce more valuable mail than is carried between Philadelphia and New York 365 days in the year. Why, then, should it be necessary for the banks to undertake the work that the government is paid to do in a territory of enormous business activity? The incident is suggestive of the things which are bearing heavily upon the people at the time when the greatest need exists for the quickest transmission of intelligence and business mail between the great centers of trade activity. Day to day operations show that it takes from thirty-six to forty-five hours to deliver Philadelphia mail in



HON CHAMP CLARK

The one eminent Democrat who might look upon the Convention this year with some bitter memories was Hon. Champ Clark, former Speaker of the House. Four years ago he had a majority of all the delegates for the nomination as President, but the two-thirds rule deprived him of the nomination that he would have had if the same rule had prevailed as at the Republican Convention. There were strong and enthusiastic supporters of Champ Clark, but the steam roller power of the administration was early shown at San Francisco, where William Jennings Bryan, with his dry plank, and all others in sympathetic relations with Woodrow Wilson, were invited to sit two seats outside the circle. How fickle fortune plays strange tricks at political conventions, deciding careers and destinies with the turn of the hand. Champ Clark's loss of the nomination, with a majority vote at Baltimore, foreshadowed the fact that the majority does not always rule in the councils of the Democratic party under the regime of its present leader

To celebrate 300th anniversary of the Mayflower landing

The Coming Pilgrim Peace Jubilee

Congressional committee to consider plans for world exposition to be held in Boston as a continuation of the Plymouth celebration



THE "Landing of the Pilgrims" is accorded by the historians as the greatest event in American history. The Congressional committee, consisting of Senators Harding of Ohio and Underwood of Alabama, Congressmen Walsh of Massachusetts, Whaley of South Carolina, McArthur of Oregon and Doremus of Michigan, appointed to formulate plans for the participation of the United States in the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, have held a conference with the members of the Tercentenary Commission of Massachusetts, consisting of Louis K. Liggett, chairman; Charles B. Barnes, Arthur Lord and George H. Lyman. At



Senator Oscar W. Underwood (Democrat) of Alabama, from whose brief and casual remarks we gather the impression that he favors a tariff only to protect the profits of labor



Louis K. Liggett, President United Drug Company, Boston, a public-spirited business man, nationally known thru the Rexall Drug Stores

this conference the plans for a proposed International Exposition were considered—the Exposition to be held in Boston as a continuation of the Plymouth celebration. The people of Plymouth are naturally very enthusiastic over the plans for the celebration of one of the most important events in American history—right in the very spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed three hundred years ago.

The proposed International Exposition in Boston must not be confused with what is commonly known as a World's Fair—for it is to take the form of an International Exhibit representing the greatest development in science, education, religion, art, industry and commerce.

Articles manufactured by New England manufacturers are being sold all over this country. Products from other states are being bought in New England. The idea of having permanent buildings representing the various states will naturally appeal to the different commercial organizations located in



Arthur Lord (Republican), well-known Boston lawyer, former member Massachusetts House of Representatives, prominent in historical and antiquarian societies



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Congressman Clifton N. McArthur (Republican), Oregon, has had a varied career as reporter, breeder of registered cattle, lawyer and legislator

these states, as well as the individual manufacturer to the extent of bringing them to Boston, where they will find something worth while. They will be made welcome—and will learn from actual observation what New England has been trying to tell them for years—the result will be increased business and development for New England and the country at large.

An international exhibit such as is planned will attract hundreds of thousands of tourists from all over the world, as well as from every part of our own country. Thousands of New Englanders now located in every state of the country will enjoy a home-coming.

The most attractive feature of the plan is that it is not to be a temporary affair—to be built up—torn down—forgotten—but to be a lasting monument in recognition of the most important events in American history, to the Pilgrim Fathers and to New England industries, constantly growing, and expanding, a wonderful incentive for the young man of today and the future.

United States Senator Walsh expressed his views of the proposed exposition as follows:

"A great exposition properly planned should prove a great benefit to Massachusetts and New England, and do much to stimulate our industrial activities. We have a great deal to be proud of in New England, and much to display to the peoples of the world, and the three-hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims provides an opportunity for us to entertain and instruct our fellow-citizens from every quarter of the world."

Mr. Louis K. Liggett, chairman of the Tercentenary Commission in speaking of the international celebration said:

"It would seem to me that our Pilgrim Fathers are entitled to have the world know what thru their pilgrimage the Americans have accomplished. In what better way can we do it than by having a sane exposition in the city of Boston, and combine with it a wonderful Peace Jubilee; something that will have as its foundation the fundamentals upon which a Peace League will finally be made, even going beyond that, bringing home to New Englanders that which we seem to lack—the knowledge of what we produce in our own community.

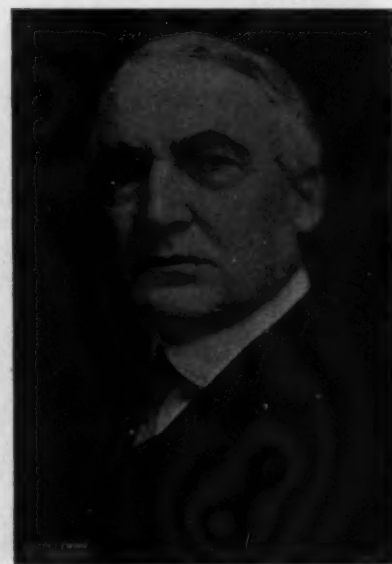
"There can be built in this city between now and 1921 an exposition that will do away with all the bizarre that has surrounded previous expositions held in this country, and that will thru its religion, education, art and industries show to the world at large what has been accomplished in the three hundred years of America; that will show to New Englanders in particular the products with which we are unfamiliar;

(Continued on page 185)



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Senator David I. Walsh (Democrat), Massachusetts, former governor, a lawyer, confirmed bachelor, and a dignified exponent of sartorial elegance



Senator Warren G. Harding
Republican nominee for President

Henry Ford's industrial policy

"Give Men a Chance—Not Charity"

Of all the failures and ex-convicts whom he has employed only two men has disappointed him. He has taught the English language and citizenship to thousands

By SARAH TERRILL BUSHNELL

FIVE years ago a rainbow of promise with a bag of gold at each end hung over a great industrial plant. When the rainbow appeared it was called by calamity howlers a myth and a menace. Instead of fading away under the charge the rainbow grew brighter and clearer; some of the colors became obscure; three came out stronger than all the rest, and behind them the stars formed two words—Americans all. At each end the bags emptied an endless stream of gold. With the gold came freedom from old industrial conditions, and with the freedom came the privileges and obligations of American citizenship.

Henry Ford, the great manufacturer, made automobiles to defray the expenses of his main business, which was the making of men. He took wise men and good men, the successful and the unsuccessful. He took Americans of good old colonial stock and laborers from every nook and corner of obscure foreign lands. He took untried men and men who had tried and failed. He took men with the stigma of wrong-doing upon their lives. Thru one great system he put them all to determine the number who would come out pure gold. He thrust aside labor organizations and paid his workers wages at that time considered fabulous. He had his own dreams and he worked them to fulfillment. Beyond a few brief newspaper reports of the venture the white light of publicity never disclosed the inner workings of his mind, yet the spirit of it permeated the country from Canada to the gulf, from the eastern shore of the Atlantic to the far-flung Pacific coast, where other plants have used the ideas on a smaller scale. The pioneer who began the movement has been assailed and held up for ridicule, yet he was the first advocate of Simon-pure Americanism in industry. What would his critics have said had they known that he took the dean of a great cathedral, made him head of a vast educational system and gave him power that a clergyman never before had in the history of business—entire authority over the living conditions of his workmen and real influence in the case of labor difficulties. Labor difficulties, however, refused to arise.

During strikes at nearby plants the Ford workers remained at their posts performing their daily labors in contented prosperity.

The great mechanical genius had evolved a system so unique and so remarkable that his plans and dreams blend together, making a practical whole which has actually benefitted over

fifty thousand homes. They are based on a foundation of education and Americanization. That it has paid commercially is only a side issue, but one of tremendous importance—marking the ideal adjustment of capital and labor, and proving beyond doubt that the experiment is overwhelmingly correct. The assistants in this department are called advisors, and the welfare work they are doing is as helpful as it is novel. What they do and how they do it will be explained later.

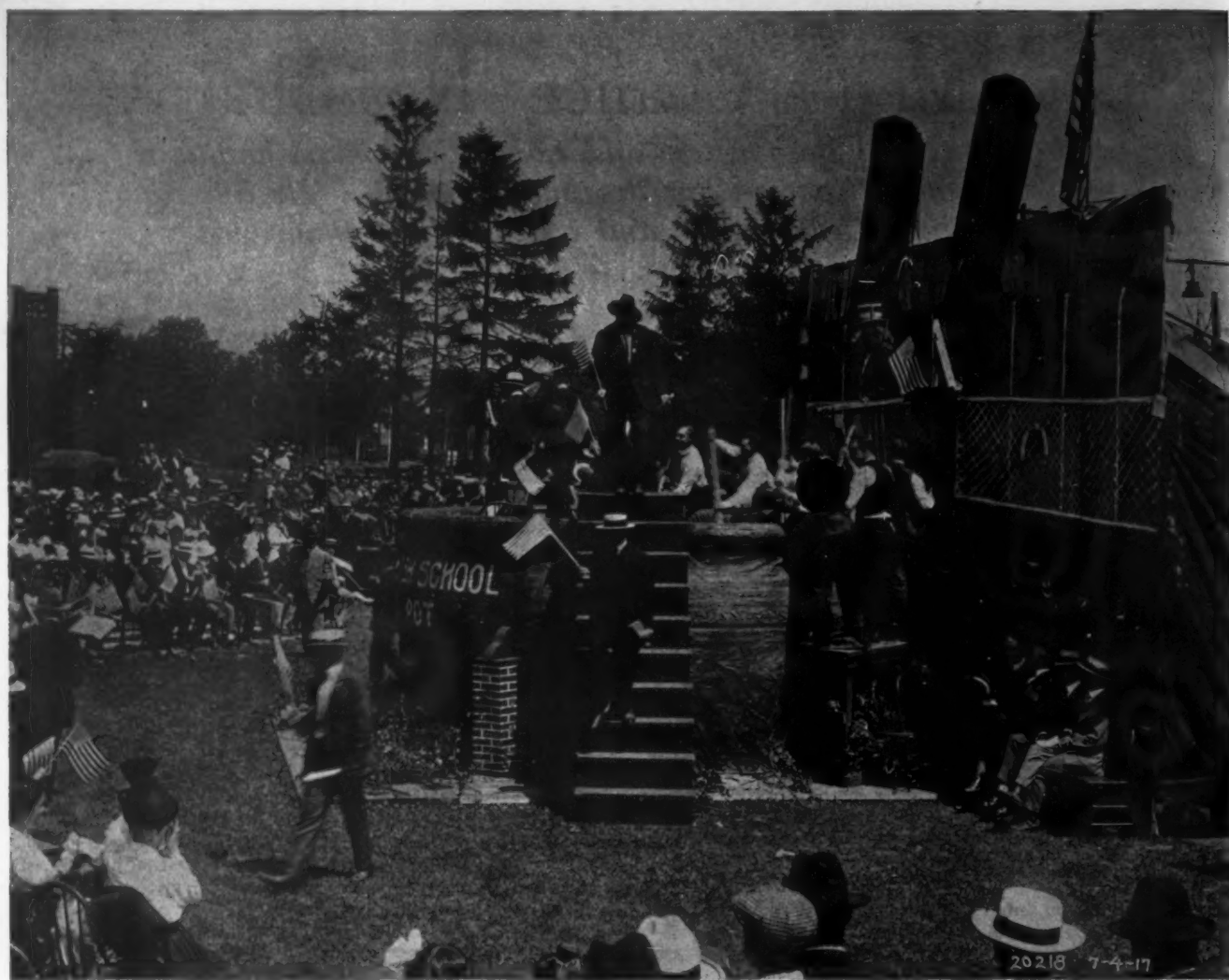
Mr. Ford scorns the cloak of self aggrandizement. He prefers to state his position frankly: "If I can make men of my employees I need have no fears for my business," he says. "Everything I do to help them ultimately benefits me; the more money I spend on them, the more enthusiasm they will have for my interests, and the more money they will make for themselves and for me."

Hence he uses all possible labor-saving devices, for he says: "The less fatigued a man is when he leaves his work the more self improvement he can gain during leisure hours." This is the message Henry Ford flashes to mankind—"Be your brother's helper." The Aladdin-like way in which he made his millions has been told correctly and incorrectly in every household thruout the land. There is not sufficient space in this article to mention that phase. Suffice it to state that in his plant Bolshevism, which is a camouflage name for anarchy, has not dared to rear its serpent head.



Teaching good table manners at the English School of the Ford Motor Company

The Ford plan is not to build elaborate libraries, gymnasiums or lunch rooms for the employees, but serviceable and substantial ones. The difference in the expense is given the workmen for their homes, their living and their families. It is not the possession of money but the right use of it which is emphasized. Mr. Ford holds that the system of education



THE "MELTING POT" OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY AT DETROIT

This scene represents the result of nine months' teaching in the Ford English School. Six teachers are stirring the pot with ten-foot ladders. Out of the pot is emerging one nationality, composed of newly-made Americans carrying an American flag in one hand and a diploma in the other. Uncle Sam now stands behind them. This is believed to be the first "melting pot" used in an industry

which increases, thru the so-called cultural studies, the capacity for happiness and fails to develop the financial power for gaining the same is a cruel, not a kindly one. It increases human misery and failure. The Ford idea, while increasing a man's capacity for happiness, at the same time increases his efficiency, his earning capacity, his home conditions, his knowledge of the laws of the state and nation, making him a more valuable citizen, more worth-while to society, giving him a broader vision, all of which enables him to enjoy the things he has been taught. This system develops a man's mind while training his hands.

The factory has two slogans: "Be a Good American" and "Help the Other Fellow." You find these signs in the working section of the plant. The workmen are taught self-application of these slogans—even beneficently coerced into adopting them as life standards.

For five years foreign-born laborers have received diplomas symbolic of nine months' training in citizen making.

I sought the man to whom Mr. Ford had said: "The Bible is the most valuable book in the world. If it could be written in the language of today, I would scatter a million copies among the people who never read it and who fail to grasp its worth and beauty."

I asked Mr. Brownell this question: "How has this great

millionaire made the educational department of this plant the very dynamo of its success, and why has he given a clergyman such wide and sweeping authority?"

Mr. Brownell took off his glasses, laid them carefully on his desk.

"He does it by dispersing practical Christianity, interpreted thru dollars and cents, in the sharing of profits with employees, in opening the doors of employment to maimed and crippled men, and to men who have unfortunately run into debt to society, but who have paid such debts in full. His has been the humane recognition that all men are of common clay and that all, barring none, are entitled to a helping hand.

"You shall meet Dean Marquis, head of the Educational Department, and Mr. De Witt, head of the English school, which should really be called the American school, for its scholars are from fifty-eight countries, and they speak one hundred different dialects. They have been taught one language and have been trained to become citizens of our own American nation. But first let me tell you an incident that will illustrate how men have been reclaimed in this factory:

"One cold night in December an official of the company was called to his front door. Outside was a half wreck of a man who plunged into a complaint without formality.

"They say Henry Ford gives the fellow who is down a chance, that he thinks there is some good in the worst of us,

but it is a lie—a black, barefaced lie. I have stood in line at his plant trying to get work and never been given a look-in. I'm at the end of my rope and I've got to go back to my old ways."

"The official put his hand on the chap's shoulder and stopped the flow of his words. He looked him in the eye. 'Mr. Ford desires to give every man who deserves it a chance,' he said."

"The man shivered. 'Ever since they turned me loose, two years ago, I've tried to go straight, and every time I get a job a blue-coat passes the word and I'm fired. If I can't get steady work, I'll have to be a crook again. Tonight they—'

" 'Don't worry about tonight,' said the man, whose salary was equal to that of the President of the United States, 'come to the factory tomorrow and a place will be found for you. We have more than five hundred men who have served sentences, only two of whom have disappointed us. When you

who believed in a happy-go-lucky existence, and who made expenditures out of all keeping with her husband's salary. That she was a woman of sense was proven when she grasped the idea that this sort of thing could not continue. A scientific housekeeper was sent to instruct her in up-to-date economics. She welcomed her suggestions. Today the bills are paid, they own their own home and have money in the bank.

There is another rule on which the corner-stone of right living must be laid—an employee, if it be thought justifiable, is required to produce his marriage license. No recognition is given to socialism or free love. This is mentioned because a case of this sort was recently made an issue. An important ruling of the Ford Company in 1913 covers such questions. The legal department aids the workers by examining deeds of property they wish to buy, assessing its value and passing on the validity of the contracts.



C. C. De Witt, head of the English School, demonstrating the care of the teeth with a doll for an object lesson

begin work no one can be prejudiced against you as long as you do what is right."

Somewhere in that great factory that man made good and is still working.

The probation period, formerly six months, has been reduced to thirty days. The minimum salary raised from five dollars a day to six. There have been no strikes, nor is there any labor discontent. The power of discharge has been taken out of the hands of superintendents and foremen. They can discharge from their departments, but not from the factory. The employment office investigates and places the laborer in that other part of the plant to which he is better adapted.

The Educational Department, thru the advisors, or helpers, has a record of the living conditions of each employee. They know his habits, good or bad. They know what money he has saved, if any. They know what insurance he carries. They consult with him as to his bank savings. They have taught him how and why to save. In rare cases they have moved his family to Detroit, and provided a home in which to shelter them. There is nothing of the spy or detective methods in their visits. They go in the spirit of helpfulness and interest. They teach him hygienic living and how to buy food. While teaching him how to earn money they also teach him—which is more important—how to spend it. They have taught him that debt is the result of poor management or misfortune.

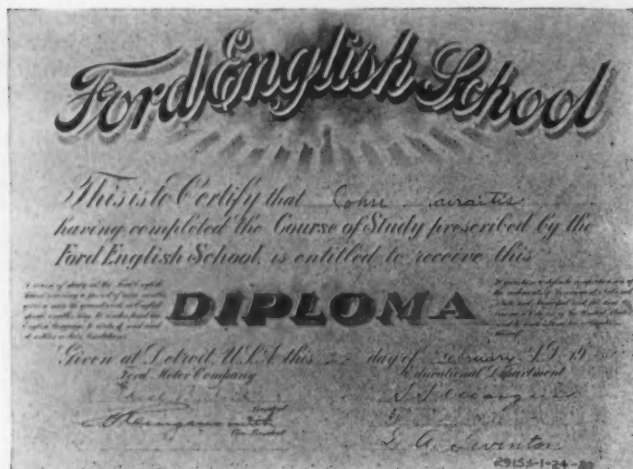
Take for example the case of an employee whose wages were garnished month after month. He was industrious and hard working; the bills were not of his making. An advisor was sent to his home. He met the wife, a nice little woman

In the Ford English School are natives of Arabia, Persia, India, Poland, Armenia, Turkey, Chaldea, Abania, Servia, Korea, Macedonia, and other innermost places of Asia, Europe, and obscure sections of the world. Each of these foreigners speak two or more dialects, but have no knowledge of our own language. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar according to the modernized methods of Francois Guoin, who lived in 1710. The everyday problems of life are the keynote of each lesson, and a new psychology of goodfellowship and interest accents the instruction. Mr. De Witt was recently borrowed by Pennsylvania to demonstrate to the teachers of that state his original experiments. Mr. Ford watches the lessons. The one on birds, which emphasizes the good American bird, the soaring eagle, the emblem of freedom, is his favorite. There are other lessons which Mr. Ford personally supervises—for this department is the child of his brain and is near his heart. The foreigners are taught cleanliness, table manners, courtesy in public places and also when possible, they are instructed in gardening. As an evidence of the eager earnestness of the pupils the case may be cited of a Macedonian who learned the Constitution of the United States, verbatim, in four days.

The nine months' course has been turning out annually between three and six thousand graduates. The diplomas, signed by Henry Ford, Dean Marquis and Mr. De Witt, state that "the holder has been given ground-work in English which enables him to understand the English language, to write it and to read it within certain limitations. It gives him a definite comprehension of the rudiments of government, national,

state and municipal, and fits him to become a citizen of the United States and to understand the obligations thereof."

The day war was declared Mr. Ford instructed the chief of his medical staff to ascertain accurately the exact number of positions that might be filled with disabled soldiers. Every wheel and cog of the factory was devoted to winning the war, and openings have been made for those who served. Dr. Mead reported that four thousand maimed and injured could be used. The factory was then using thirty-seven deaf men, two hundred and seven civilians blind in one eye, sixteen who were deaf and dumb and one totally blind. Peace was signed June 7. By the



Fac simile of diploma awarded graduates from the Ford English School

end of May the Ford factory had employed seven hundred and eighty-three disabled soldiers. These I saw at work, in various capacities. Before me is a memorandum stating the exact disability of each. Positions have been given to five thousand four hundred and eighty returned soldiers and sailors. Since that date many more have been added. Direct instructions have been issued that soldiers are to be given preference over all other applicants.

A great problem in every factory is tuberculosis. It has been demonstrated in the salvaging section that tubercular patients are as productive as any class of workmen. Hospital treatment is given free. The state laws of compensation allow ten dollars weekly to a bedridden man. The Ford Company gives eighteen dollars or twenty dollars. Mr. Ford believes that regular wages and light work will chase away worry and expedite a man's recovery. Hence handwork is taken each day to patients able to sit up and they are enabled to earn full wages.

Mr. Ford has attended church since his boyhood. With Mrs. Ford he is a member of a well-known Episcopal cathedral. He laughingly claims to have lost interest in churches since the morning his automobile was stolen while he was attending services. He is fond of saying that he "believed in religion but doesn't work at it much."

Just as he conceived the perfection of his tractor, while on a vacation, by watching the propelling movement of a horse's legs, so his alert mind reaches out to help humanity. Indifferent to the usual amusements and hobbies of men of the world, he has his own interests and recreations. He believes in practicing the gospel—"Give a man the chance he deserves, not charity." The following incident is so unusual as to seem almost improbable, yet it is true.

As Mr. Ford was driving one day he passed a much bedraggled tramp to whom he gave a lift. The tramp claimed to

be penniless and without work and for that reason was walking to his sister's home in Connecticut. The next day he was given a position. The employment office was instructed to have him bathe, to equip him with necessary clothes and report his progress to the office. All moved smoothly for a while, but, unlike the usual fairy tale, the end of the month found a restless worker instead of a diligent one. He was moved to another department. Yet when pay day came his restlessness had grown to loud protests, and to Mr. Ford was brought the news that wanderlust was beckoning his protégé, who had threatened to quit.

"What's this I hear?" asked Mr. Ford, when the prodigal came to his office.

Into his ear was poured a homesick story of a yearning for the far-away sister that would have done credit to an artist. Mr. Ford listened patiently.

"See here, Bill," he said, "you haven't any idea of going to Connecticut. You're hunting trouble. You don't want work or a home; you want to quit so you can be a plain shiftless tramp."

The ex-hobo studied the carpet; "yes, that was it," he admitted. "A factory is no place for me; I'm lazy. I've lived my own life so long that I like it."

"All right," said the quiet, kindly man, "you can quit. I've told them not to bother with you any longer. I liked you and believed in you, but if you won't stick you can go. But remember one thing: I am not going to let you slip back into your old ways. I'm going to employ a man to follow you everywhere you go and watch everything you do. If you ever feel sorry for the way you have treated me you can come back to your old place, provided you are willing to work. Until you do, I am going to watch you every minute. Perhaps you will decide to brace up and be a man."

"Gosh," said the surprised man, "gosh! If you're going to do that I might as well give in right now."

This tramp now works faithfully over his tasks; he is an earnest toiler. Again the theory succeeded.

The next five years will witness the most important readjustment period of our nation's history. It will be the time when capital and labor must throw off their shackles and meet on a middle ground of consideration, recognizing the rights of each to the other. Organized labor will have to make great concessions. Capital will have to make even greater ones. Neither group can strangle the other, if the principles for which our boys fought and died are to live.

Is it right that the soldiers who fought to save this country shall be assailed by food profiteers, by rent pirates, by selfish capitalists and dictated to by labor organizations? What is to be the ideal solution? Will practical education be incorporated into the new order of industry? Is real Americanism going to be the foundation stone of the nation, or will the country wait until the serious conditions of today become a menace?

Henry Ford has again raised wages and again curtailed profits. At the same time he is reducing the price of his car. Yet he makes a fabulous amount of money. Are his theories and their practical workings for the last five years worth while? Many factories, industries and department stores are putting the interest of their workers above the volume of their profits. They are doing their utmost to benefit their workers, to pay them fair wages and to maintain helpful welfare departments, somewhat similar to the Ford Educational Department. There are still some concerns where women and girls are paid wages that are disgraceful and shameful and utterly destructive to the morale of the country. Is it right or even necessary? Or, is it better to give labor a square deal and to do it on the basis of honest-to-goodness Americanism?

Strickland Gillilan

By HIMSELF

THAT'S right. If he weren't by himself he wouldn't write at all. I do all my writing by myself. So anything of mine you see written you may, even if it is not so labeled, safely add "by himself."

I did as all persons who are asked for an autobiography ought to do—I waited for the psychological moment when egotism was at its very lowest ebb before tackling the job. Last night I spoke at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, waited from 10:50 till 12:05 for an 11:15 train, slept with my Tuxedo for a pillow, awoke frozen and dejected in Harrisburg, had indigestion from a fried egg sandwich and a glass of milk I had desperately inhaled at Shippensburg (oh, if I had merely put in the time instead of those other things), finally got to sleep and was awakened at daybreak by a band playing in the street under my window. Had a good friend disappoint me for breakfast that he was going to buy, had to buy my own—there is a time when a man can feel worse than when all these things have happened to him and he has slept cold in the bargain? All right. Now let's autobiog. awhile.

I think Taurus was regnant when I was born. But maybe it was Sagittarius. For I am fond of "the bull" and am a rank Prohibitionist.

Yet in my early life I exhibited advance indications of the splendid judgment that was to characterize my later career. This judgment showed itself first in my selection of the best pair of parents any lad ever had. Later it was evidenced in my keen foresight in never having any money when phony stocks were floating on the market. Father was a red-whiskered farmer of unlimited physical and moral strength. Rivaling him in these other things, my mother had the most remarkable mind I have ever come into contact with. She did things mentally that no one else in the community could do. She thought I was handsome. She should have been a healer.

Father loved his children very much, but would have died rather than tell them so. He belonged to the school whose chief tenet was that it was a sign of weak-mindedness to show a symptom of affection toward another member of the family. Scorn, dislike, pity—these were permissible according to the code. But affection? Never! Mother wasn't so averse to emotional displays. The female of the species is more several things than the male.

I have said the foregoing to bring out adroitly, without saying so in so many words, the significant fact that my parents were a man and a woman.

I loved school devotedly in my youth. There was a lot of particularly hard farm work to do just when school was about to open each fall. Having started to school, I found I really did like it, and never missed a day I could attend. Books did not greatly interfere with my regular work there, which was largely social and athletic. Teachers used to dislike me. They would go to my puzzled and apologetic parents with the tearful story "If he *couldn't* learn, it would be different." However, I found, each fall, that I somehow knew a lot of things I hadn't known the fall before. This led me to believe those were the things somebody had repeated to me the year before with a view of teaching them to me. Later I have become convinced that this theory of mine was right. In an idle moment I once looked into a text-book and found that much of the matter in



Photo by Bachrach

STRICKLAND GILLILAN

it stirred faint memories. Yes, these things must have been mentioned frequently in my presence.

I once won a prize in school. It was a one-cent red-cedar lead-pencil awarded for the memorization of "Thanatopsis." I was the only contestant. I still have the poem, but the pencil is either lost or misplaced. A pencil can get a lot of misplacing in forty-two years. The poem has recurred to my mind every time, at the end of a tiresome night trip in a day-coach, I have gone "like a quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon—"like room by the cold looks of a haughty night clerk. Bill C. Bryant must have lectured.

I deserted the country-school via the teaching route, went to college awhile, escaped diplomaless, but was Hugh Conwayed (called back) after twenty years, and anointed with an honorary master's degree while I vauntingly wore a mortar board and a mamma Hubbard. This was at Athens, Ohio—not Greece.

I had dabbled with newspapers since I was out of short trousers and money. If I had kept on, I should have been out of not only short, but other kinds of trousers. I was not a success as a newspaper man. I was a fine bluffer and showman, but

never really delivered the goods. With the best intentions in the world, I was grossly inaccurate in my statements as to what happened and what was said. I have never met a newspaper man who was not ditto. So while I am discouraged, I am not lonely. Every newspaperman who interviews me is like I was. Even if I write it out myself, they take out words like "not" and all such words as make the meaning negative or positive instead of the opposite as I said it. Every newspaperman is an involuntary liar except a few who are not involuntary.

I overlooked the fact that I taught school. I do this because of the negative results thereof, both educationally and financially. Newspaper ranks are recruited often from school teaching because after a fellow has taught school awhile, he is not afraid even of becoming a newspaper man. He has nothing to lose and maybe something to gain.

I worked on papers in Jackson and Athens, Ohio, and in Richmond, Indiana. In the last-named town I fell upon great good fortune by versifying "Finnigin," which became a vogue, I might say. It was the first vogueing I had done, and it confused and pleased me greatly. No man who is not confused a lot can ever be pleased with himself. My mind has clarified since.

Troubles came to me—every kind but disgrace. I was in luck that way. I knew a lot of things about myself—still do, in fact—that I wouldn't tell for anything. So do you about yourself—but it isn't you I'm writing about, is it? The world was always inclined to spoil me and let me do as I please. This was because nobody could ever tell what I'd do next. I recommend this as a means of becoming a privileged character. Keep 'em guessing. I have had more unselfish kindness unloaded on me than has many a far more deserving person. Not that I really think anybody is more deserving than I am, but I like to pretend to be modest. There was always an impression abroad in my vicinity (I must have been sort of smooth in some ways after all) that I was honest. Honesty was so eccentric that I may have been led into it thru desire to be different. Who knows?

I worked years and years on newspapers in Los Angeles,

Baltimore, etc. They kept me about for one of three or four reasons: That they couldn't get the sort of writers they wanted; that they believed, or hoped, I would make good some day; that I was a confiding, affectionate pup they liked to have around. Never because I made good—and that's gospel. I defy anybody to do any worse work than some I did while in "journalism," and it wasn't all in my 'prentice days, eye-ther.

After "Finnigin" became generally known, I began reciting it in public. This led straight down to the lecture platform. I have talked face to face with several millions of my fellow-beings since that time. I have been intensely busy when not on the platform. I am on the payrolls of some fifteen publications. I market some twenty to thirty-thousand words per month. I address about one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred audiences per year. Yes, I am right busy. I love to play bridge with my wife and two other folks and have not trumped my partner's ace for three years, almost. I love to play ball with my eleven-year-old boy and have got him so he can send 'em thru a rigid groove in the air over an improvised home plate. I tell him of my wonderful pitching in my youth, omitting (because he loves me) the things that were said to me by fellow-members of the team while I pitched. I am mighty careful of his feelings. Some day he will be a very fast hundred-yard man. That was one of the things I could not do well, when I was making fair marks in jumping, throwing, etc., at college. My prayer for a ten-second son has been answered, I verily believe.

Why say anything further, except as to my beliefs, etc.? I believe with Darwin that mankind came from monkeys—I go Charley one better and believe we have a round-trip ticket. In religion I have never unraveled any mysteries and don't want to. I am still in a now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep stage of theology and don't find anybody who has really got further and feels better about it. Until the brows of the deep religious "investigators" grow less corrugated, me for the sweet, simple, childish faith that really is faith in a God I understand as well as the "investigators" do.

This is "all the news that's fit to print" about me.

A Vision Along the Battle Front in France

MILE after mile, and hour after hour, on and on we went thru scenes of horror, desolation and desecration. Where once there had been happy homes, blooming gardens, and fertile fields, were now only sagging roofs and falling walls, great stretches of barbed wire, shell holes half filled with water, piles of ammunition, and gaunt skeletons of trees, standing out against the sky, amid the wreckage of war; hideous remnants of happier things!

The many zigzag trenches, filled with white chalky soil, stretched like great livid scars across the face of beautiful France, once a perfect garden, glowing with beauty and color, now a barren waste. On and on we sped, thru village after village, or to be more exact, thru ruin after ruin, not a sign of life to be seen, nor a sound to be heard except occasionally the voice of a child at play among the ruins, or the sight of a woman standing in the desolate street looking at us with listless or tragic eyes.

When it seemed that the end of endurance had been reached, suddenly our spirits were uplifted and our hearts eased of the well-nigh intolerable ache by—a miracle—nothing less! In the place of upturned, tortured earth, smooth greenness and peace; of shell holes and ugly barbed wire, graveled paths, bordered with flowers of such beauty and fragrance—and thousands of gleaming white crosses!

In the center of this veritable garden spot, high above those sacred white crosses, Old Glory, proudly waving, keeping guard over our boys, notifying every passerby that here was the home of our heroes.

The graves of these soldiers were cared for tenderly and reverently by the French, before they were taken over by Uncle Sam, and soldiers are detailed, often comrades of the dead, who see that all respect is paid them, and that the graves themselves, and the grounds, are kept in perfect order.

In the cemetery near Soissons, we took a picture of the grave of a brave boy from Tennessee, and as we laid a wreath of immortelles upon the soft green grass, we were told by one of his comrades, who now had charge of his last resting place the story of his valor and bravery in meeting death with head up and courage high.

Is it not fitting that the bodies of these heroes should become a part of the land for which they gave up their lives? Should they not honor France, and be honored, by remaining where they so nobly fell, while their souls bloom forever radiant in the heavenly gardens prepared for them by the angels of God?

LILLY C. MOREHEAD MEBANE.

Do you agree with the majority?

The Pulse of the Movie-public

By
NASH A. NALL

Believing individual criticisms of photoplays are as meaningless as ridicule of the painting Mona Lisa, the NATIONAL sets forth a monthly motion picture review based on popular opinion

STRANGELY varied and fast are the movie impressions engendered by the three-score film productions sent into the theaters of the world during the past four weeks. But, above all, there is an outstanding force in the form of a popular trend on the part of authors, directors and producers. This is nothing more or less than the sudden popularity of the thesis of *faith* as subject matter for the average picture.

Exact accounting is difficult. But the general sentiment leans toward the belief that the very successful "The Miracle Man" caused the sudden centering of the plot-guns at the theme of *faith*. So well have the producers and story-pickers covered the field that today a picture built on such lines is nothing out of the ordinary. And there is good reason to believe that the photoplay constructed on such lines will not fare well in the future.

Following close on the heels of "The Miracle Man" came D. W. Griffith's "The Greatest Question," plainly a picture about the supernatural, dealing with the "way of destiny with just plain folks." In quick succession have come "The Family Honor," "When Dawn Came," "Polly of the Storm Country," "The Scoffers" (an Allan Dwan picture slated for early release), and "Jes' Call Me Jim," in which the likable Will Rogers probably scores the greatest success of his career.

"Jes' Call me Jim," at its initial showing at the Strand Theater, New York City, is undoubtedly one of the month's brightest bits of entertainment. The natural mellow quaintness and wholesomeness of Will Rogers has in this case been applied to a story of a kindly woodsman instinctively religious, but unknowing of the most elementary teachings of the Bible. The character portrayed in Rogers' picturesque style is strikingly truthful, the story has its pathetic and humorous incidents, and the general atmosphere is well carried out. It has been months since as generally fine a production as "Jes' Call Me Jim" has graced a Broadway screen, and it is likely that many future months will pass before another feature with as much entertainment and human interest will be offered.

And speaking of authors and their work, it is not out of place to mention that the greatest and most progressive strides among all photoplay writers are being made by one James Oliver Curwood, whose "Back to God's Country," "The River's End," "The Courage of Marge O'Doone," have literally brought him fame and fortune. Each of the three efforts is a decided success. Within the next few months "Nomads of the North" will fill out the quartette of Curwood attractions that will win for the author an almost unapproached place in film authorship.

A like honor, but applied to a different branch of the picture industry, is due another history-maker. In this case one Cecile B. DeMille is the man deserving of praise and tribute. During the month that has elapsed since the last issue of the NATIONAL, "Why Change Your Wife?" has

found a place for itself in the admiration of critical and casual movie-goers.

Without exception "Why Change Your Wife?" meets with approval. There are those who frown with disfavor at some of the typical DeMille touches that at times smack of the risqué. But, on the other hand, there are thousands of theatergoers who contend that this very element is the secret of the picture's success.

In all events Cecile DeMille has sounded a note that deserves consideration. Is it not a fact, so his production contends, that man's admiration for the girl he marries is caused to some great or small extent by the romance that surrounds sweethearts and courtship and marriage? Granting that such is true, is it not entirely logical that the removal of such embellishments after marriage reduces the voltage of a husband's love? "Why Change Your Wife?" drives home a moral that could hardly be taught in any other way, shape, or form. *The successful wife must forget sometimes that she is her husband's wife*, is the lesson pointed out. Also, a man marries a woman because he wants her for a sweetheart, not a teacher.

There is nothing so characteristic of "Why Change Your Wife?" as its all-around merit. "Why Change Your Wife?" is unquestionably Cecile DeMille's greatest screen triumph, and there is but little doubt that Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan never appeared to better advantage. If there is or ever was a better story of married life screened on Broadway, New Yorkers apparently do not believe it. In the estimation of the writer, "Why Change Your Wife?" is the finest accomplished in the picturization of married life and divorce in the history of the motion picture.

History-making in the picture business is not as easy as it might seem. For instance, not long ago there came to light (and the big billboards) a little girl named Constance Binney. With the sweet charm of practically every girl of eighteen years or thereabouts, this little lady made an instantaneous hit with theatergoers. Presented in "Erstwhile Susan," a pretty little picture, but hopelessly unsuited to her, Constance Binney was acclaimed. The eyes of the movie world were then fastened upon her; eagerly was her second picture awaited. And then came "The Stolen Kiss."

If there is anything within reach of the camera omitted from "The Stolen Kiss," the writer doesn't know exactly what it might be. A conglomeration of melodrama, nursery-maids' squabbles, puppy love, rescuing hero, Quaker girl, school days, innocence and stage aspirations kept Miss Binney unpopular and in hot water. "The Stolen Kiss" as a story element is supposed to be a sweet memory, but as a picture it is a bitter disappointment. Many are the hearts that long to see captivating Constance Binney in a picture that will do her justice.

Perhaps the most agreeable surprise of the month came with the appearance of Bert Lytell in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Just why a splendid picture like "Alias Jimmy Valentine" should

not have been presented at one of the more pretentious theaters in New York City is perhaps a matter which the moneyed theater interests can best explain. It is a most commendable production. Its truthful adaptation from the play, Mr. Lytell's greatest acting in his career, its masterful exposition of the plot and the general makeup of the entire picture place it in a class apart from ninety per cent of the attractions being shown today. To the motion picture fan who wants to spend an hour and a half with a production of sterling worth, the NATIONAL heartily recommends "Alias Jimmy Valentine." The most critical will be charmed. The once-in-a-while theatergoer will be delighted.

Another delightful picture issued recently is "Don't Ever Marry," an independent production sponsored by Marshall Neilan and in which Marjorie Daw, Matt Moore and Wesley Barry appear. Fundamentally, "Don't Ever Marry" was made for laughing purposes. The producer has certainly achieved his ambitions. The picture is a rapid-fire mixture of laughs and chuckles, brightly interpolated with satire and unfolded in a most pleasing manner. The five reels begin and end so rapidly that the audience is left wanting more. "Don't Ever Marry" is one picture that will not be featured by the number of people who remember appointments just about the time the fourth reel starts.

A rather interesting and novel play was brought forth recently in "Romance," in which Doris Kenyon, star of the stage play, is again featured in the screen version. The picture is appropriately titled and should make especially good entertainment for spring lawn festivals staged under a silvery moon. There is no doubt but that "Romance" is going to be a most successful picture. Fans who favor lively action are apt to be a trifle surprised, however.

"A Lady in Love" makes a good picture to mention directly following "Romance." This production makes its appeal rather to the comedy than the dramatic sense. It has many moments of humor, some very nice human touches, and runs along gracefully for five reels. Harrison Ford and Ethel Clayton are the chief members of the cast and both carry out their roles in splendid style. This is one of Ethel Clayton's most pleasing of recent productions.

Also appearing to advantage in a release this month is Olive Thomas in "The Flapper," the story of a small-town, sixteen-year-old-girl who tried to act mature. The fashionable boarding-school miss who finds adventure in a sleigh ride with a boy from a nearby military school is the gist of the plot. Miss Thomas' personality can well be mentioned as a strong factor in the picture's success.

All in all, movie fans did not suffer in the slightest from a lack of fine pictures this month. With all frankness, however, popular favor centers around "Why Change Your Wife?" "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Don't Ever Marry," and "Jes' Call Me Jim."



Back-porching with the Kelso Family

Out of a manicure parlor in Los Angeles came lovable Bobby Kelso and his mother, Mrs. Lillian Kelso. In the studios of King W. Vidor, producer of "Better Times," and "The Family Honor," they found congenial employment. They started as "extras," smiled through many

disappointments, made it happier for those about them and found a pretty Blue Bird as a reward for their sunshine. Bobby's latest appearance is in King W. Vidor's "The Jack-Knife Man."



CECIL B. DEMILLE, the man who produced "Why Change Your Wife," in our estimation the greatest treatise on married life ever seen in motion pictures.

If there is one man in filmdom who can present the problems of matrimony in an entertaining and truthful way, it is Mr. DeMille. Seasoned with the spice of sarcasm, built on the foundation of truth, tempered with the thought and fads of the day, unfolded in a way that brings the intensity of situations to the heart of his audience, and plotted with such cleverness that even the simplest questions of our every-day life are fairly teeming with interest, his productions bear the stamp of the genius.

Broadway has not yet recovered from the pleasant surprise of "Why Change Your Wife," and likely this laudable DeMille production will still send a Mazda glare down the "Great White Way" when the autumn leaves begin to fall.



Movie directors need Henry Walthall for dramatic parts so much that they don't usually give him an opportunity to look pretty and sit gracefully at the piano. This is a scene from Allan Dwan's "The Splendid Hazard," in which the screen's greatest dramatic actor has his greatest role.



When Doris May smiled her baby-smile eighteen years ago in Seattle, Washington, her mother predicted a stage career for the child. Everybody laughed—laughed just like people laughed at Thomas Edison and Henry Ford. But mothers are always right. After an education at Sacred Heart Convent, Doris met Thomas H. Ince and began shooting toward stardom. Here's Doris all dolled up in her golf togs, resting between scenes in which she co-stars with Douglas MacLean in Paramount pictures.

Watch for the
Heart Throbs Pictures
on the Screen

Watch for the picturization of
your favorite *Heart Throbs*
poem in *Filmland*

*His heart in his work***King Vidor, the Director**

By WILLIAM
EDWARD
MULLIGAN

Blazing his own trail, here is a motion picture genius who aims for happier, better people as a result of the photoplay; he is achieving his aim

THE eyes of youth penetrate deeply into the soul, fathom the mysteries and longings of human hearts, and see the happiness that belongs to mankind.

That is the conclusion most anyone would reach after a talk with King W. Vidor, for he is young, being but 26 years of age, brimming over with enthusiasm and energy, and possessed of an ideal which has for its object the making of his fellowman happier.

No, Mr. Vidor is not a preacher. He is just an artist—a motion picture director and producer.

While other motion picture directors are devoting their energies and resources to the turning out of super-dramas of love and hate, amid lavish surroundings and gorgeous society settings, King Vidor is assiduously studying human nature and getting that "back to the soil" atmosphere into his productions. And how often has this been left out of the reckoning by producers.

In doing so, Mr. Vidor finds that he has struck a responsive note—a happy chord—in the hearts of the public. And he is today striking the most melodious chords on the keyboard of popular approval.

All of which is no doubt due to the fact that Mr. Vidor is a very human sort of person himself. Consequently he is always seeking that elusive thing called human interest, ferreting it out in stories, meeting with it in everyday life and applying it to the screen with great success.

The human interest which Mr. Vidor seeks is not the sort of interest that takes one via the screen or stage through the gilded palaces of millionaires, the sham of society and the hypocrisy of international intrigues. It is the sort that takes one to the strangest nooks and corners, to the little, quiet southern town with its quaint old-fashioned ways or to the banks of the Mississippi or to any place where the work of man can stir a heart throb. And the field which Mr. Vidor has invaded is virtually a virgin field, almost untouched by the motion picture. While other directors are soaring in the heights of their dazzling society picturizations, making daring sex plays, comedies or satires on love, he has, figuratively speaking, "come down to earth" and is working close to human nature in its most natural environments.

For example, there is Mr. Vidor's production

of "Better Times," a story of a small-town girl, daughter of the proprietor of a run-down hotel. The wholesome romance which follows the arrival of a baseball champion, whose training and diet causes the heroine to fear she has an invalid on her hands, his rejuvenation of the hotel, the tragic end of her father and the happy culmination of the story are worked out with a

climax followed by a demonstration of what family honor really means in Dixieland. The story is a refreshing variation from the average type of motion picture seen nowadays, and this no doubt accounts for its great success.

Mr. Vidor's most recent work was the production of "The Jack-Knife Man," for release thru First National Exhibitors' Circuit, and it is without doubt his crowning achievement. It is from the pen of Ellis Parker Butler, the humorist, author of "Pigs is Pigs" and other well-known bits of American literature.

The story of "The Jack-Knife Man" is well suited to Vidor's distinctive style of production. It deals largely with the wonderful love inspired by a little waif in the hearts of two remarkable and fascinating characters, a Mississippi river shanty boatman, and a philosophical singing tramp. The boy's mother, driven from the town by indignant citizens who feel that her life and character are a disgrace to their civic honor, seeks refuge from the blinding snow-storm in the shanty boat of Peter Lane. Though old Peter does his best to care for her with his scanty resources, augmented by the aid of the sharp-tongued but kind-hearted Widow Potter, she goes on the Long Journey, leaving little Buddy behind.

The story that follows deals with Uncle Peter's struggle to care for the small mite, to give him a chance in life.

For a full two hours King Vidor's earnest way of describing his ideas with respect to motion pictures enthralled me. I found myself almost enchanted

under his steady and reasonable argument that supported his contention that "the pictures that carry messages to humanity are the pictures worth while." With the assistance of a stenographer, the following is quoted nearly word for word from the mouth of King Vidor:

"The day is fast coming when the screen will make its appeal to the mind and not to the physical senses. Authors of vision are observing the signs of the times. Others, however, in writing for the screen, seem to be suffering from a sense of self limitation, fearful to put forth really worth-while stories about people who live and breathe even as you and I.

"Speaking now in a spirit of constructive criticism of authors, I cannot help but feel that they are not looking to the little things in



KING W. VIDOR

skill and an atmosphere of which only Vidor is capable. "Better Times," like its title, was an optimistic production, having absorbed the spirit of its maker, and proved in every way to be one of the most successful of last year's screen attractions.

More recently Mr. Vidor has injected this homely yet humanly interesting "back to the soil" atmosphere in another picture, "The Family Honor," a romance of the southland, in which beautiful Florence Vidor, his wife, was starred. Again the story deals with life in a rural community, corrupt, but ludicrous small-town policies which cause the arrest of the heroine's wayward but innocent brother, a romantic

life for their big themes. Yet, in this is their salvation.

"Never having been an adventurous American, trapped by a band of bewiskered, bloodthirsty Bolsheviks, I cannot feel any specific sympathy for one when I see him in a similar predicament on the screen. I have, though, experienced the joys and regrets of a ride across the state of Texas in a Ford. And inasmuch as there are quite a few million people in these United States who have shaken hands with Henry, I am convinced which of the two is the more interesting theme.

"It is not necessary, either, for us to look abroad for stories. Off-hand I would be inclined to say that none is so blind as that author who seeks inspiration in foreign travel books.

"There are many themes here at home and they are not laid in ball rooms either, for there are more stories to be written about the patched shirt of a working man than the starched bosom of a society idler.

"Suppose, for the moment, you were an author in search of a theme. Providing you are sufficiently successful to own an auto, jump into it and ride out on one of the principal thoroughfares in any large city. Choose one of those streets lined with the homes of the wealthy, show-places, broad expanses of stucco, verdant landscapes studded with prim cypress trees, and all that sort of thing. It is all truly beautiful—to the eye—but there are no signs of life about. If you want to call at the home of any of these families, you must wait till 2 P. M., the third Wednesday of every month, at which time you will be received with smug formality. Possibly, being an author, a gentleman of an analytical turn of mind, you may speculate with some sense of curiosity as to just what those people do on the other Wednesdays of the month. Possibly, if you are like most authors, you will vow that if you ever own one of these mansions you will want the world to call on you.

"Travel on, then, beyond this solemn paradise. A turn to the left and a jog to the right brings you into a less prosperous neighborhood. The day is Sunday. You are in front of the cottage of the Jones family. A flivver, loaded down with grandma, mother, father and the two children, is just stopping. The occupants of the cottage, father, mother and little sister, Sue, are joyfully rushing out to meet the visitors. (There's a picture of Bobby in the album in the living room—he would be eight years old next month had he lived.)

"Mother is drying her hands on her bungalow apron. Father is coming from the rear yard with a garden hoe. 'Come right in and take off your things!' Every day is calling day at the Jones house. Which of the two homes is of the greatest story value?"

King Vidor has perhaps the most promising future of any motion picture director in the business. His youth—for he is the youngest of directors—coupled with his genius for knowing how to satisfy the public, gives him a decided advantage over brilliant directors who have already attained the pinnacle of their achievement. Vidor's talent is still in the process of development and he is constantly improving, while others are at a standstill or have even begun to retrograde. He is engaged in exploiting a new field and has already enjoyed gratifying results. What will the condition of his talent be in five years from now when he will have had ample opportunity to gain the benefits of his rich experience in this new field? The writer is but one of the few who confidently believes that King Vidor will reign as the word's premier motion picture director, the most finished artist of his kind, and at least the most popular.

"Heart Throbs" Pictures

Carry you back to the days of childhood. Watch for them on the screen.

KING VIDOR AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

"Doug" is discovered
wearing his famous
"smile that won't
come off"



KING VIDOR

Directing an exciting scene
with the aid of 6-8 tempo



Goldye Miriam Nibbles Bon-bons

With Constance Talmadge

By
GOLDYE MIRIAM*While the screen's premier comedienne talks about subjects that are never mentioned in interviews—little things that little girls babble about in the attic on rainy afternoons—*

WITH so much gossip about her engagement to Irving Berlin, her ten thousand dollars-per week salary, her wonderful automobile, and the diamond ring given her by an English Lord, I'm not ashamed to admit that I was nervous even before I entered the studio. Interviewing great people is a queer proposition. I didn't tremble when I asked Samuel Gompers some personal questions that made him grit his teeth; I wasn't bashful when Mme. Schumann-Heink, in the seclusion of her hotel suite, sang a ragtime song for me exclusively; I didn't pant when ex-President Taft submitted to my questioning; nor was I stricken with a case of stage-fright when Irvin S. Cobb asked me to dine with him. But when Constance Talmadge smiled at me and passed the box of bon-bons I couldn't help it. I just lost my breath. It was a full minute before I was composed. Then I looked at her—and I certainly stared.

Constance can't be over five and a half feet tall. She appeared a trifle slender—she must weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is a pretty golden and she has dark brown sparkling eyes. I won't attempt to describe how she was dressed. Anyway, our photo-play editor is a young man and he wouldn't appreciate it. How well I remember what he said as I left the NATIONAL offices and set out for the studios. Said he:

"Now don't rave about her clothes. Find out about *her*. See if she likes olives and pickles and hard-boiled eggs. Just talk about what occurs to both of you at the moment. And by all means don't ask her about motion pictures. Just spend an hour with her as you would spend it with a college chum. You know what girls talk about when they're together. Just talk to *her* that way and then come back and write all about it."

So I began the interview by saying:

"I saw the *prettiest* baby in the subway. I almost fell in love with him. He was just beginning to say cute things and he even made the guard smile. Don't you just love baby-boys?"

The famous Miss Talmadge settled back in her chair. Evidently it was a relief to her that I didn't ask for some advice to young girls who want to enter the movies.

"I love all babies," she said. "The sweetest thing in the world is a baby's smile—from a boy baby especially. There are two times when the male sex is really cute—when very young and when a little bit elderly. I'll never forget some of the cute babies I saw in the surf while at Palm Beach. They were just darling."

"But don't you think the young man in his 'teens' is cute?" I asked Miss Talmadge.

"Well," she hesitated, "I think you are stretching the word. Cuteness is innocence. When a boy reaches the trousers stage, the majority are

no longer innocent. The average boy knows how to rifle the pantry at six; how to fool his teacher at nine; how to propose at sixteen; how to correct his parents at twenty and how to manage chorus girls at twenty-one. So you see, men are only really cute when they are too young to know *anything* and old enough to know *everything*."

"Connie" watched me speed my shorthand

kindergarten, ward school, high school; maybe to college, maybe to business offices; and then—they wait for marriage. Do you wonder why some girls don't get any farther than thirty-five dollars a week? It's because they take up work as a temporary pastime. Their hearts are not in their work. You can't make good at *anything* unless you go at it with the firm determination to surpass.

Those girls and women who do take work as a permanent proposition, get farther along. I know lots of them and admire them too."

We each ate another piece of candy.

"Don't you love candy?" she said.

Here was my opportunity to find out about the olives and pickles.

"OOoouggg yes," I said. "And olives and pickles too."

"So do I," said Miss Talmadge. "Ripe, green, sweet, sour, Dill or any kind. When I was a little girl I used to dream of castles chuck full of barrels of sweet and sour pickles. And I probably thought Heaven was paved with green olives."

There was one more question I just had to ask. It was about the hard-boiled eggs. I was having awful difficulty trying to find an appropriate opening for the question, when Constance said:

"I love to play billards. We have a table out at Long Island and—"

"Oh," I interrupted with a blush. "Those balls look so much like hard-boiled Easter eggs that I'd be afraid—"

"Don't you just *love* hard-boiled eggs?" she quickly spoke up.

I could have shouted for joy.



CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in the effort to write down her clever epigram. I looked up almost exultant when I had completed entering the last word.

"You're quite expert at that, aren't you?" she commented.

I'll admit my heart beat a little faster. Praise from Constance Talmadge is a new sensation.

"How would you like to be a stenographer?" I blurted out, forgetful of how the question might sound.

"Fine," she responded. "But I don't think anyone would have me. I'm not efficient. But it sounds like interesting work to me. What are most stenographers paid?"

"About twenty to thirty-five dollars per week," I estimated. "And they work pretty hard too. I have some friends that type, type, type, and they never seem to get any farther along. I suppose they're just waiting until they get a chance to marry."

"H-m-m-m," mused Constance. "That's a funny thing isn't it? Girls are born; they go to

—the hotel clerk

looked up from his book of registrants.

"You want to see Miss Lorraine Harding?" he repeated. "She's working on a Heart Throbs picture and I think she's just getting ready to go out on location."

The Heart Throbs girl stepped off the elevator.

"Hello, Goldye Miriam," she greeted. "... "Why, I'd be delighted to be interviewed."

Goldye Miriam's interview with Lorraine Harding will appear in next month's NATIONAL.

Two hours before curtain time

At Georgie Price's Home

By
MIRIAM
SAFFIR

While Mother Price is making "luckshun" soup, while Alex Price is checking the song royalties and Bertha Price is playing dolls, the lad who brought his family from poverty to riches—

THE world's highest paid eighteen-year-old boy brushed aside the plush-lined curtain that bordered the window in his New York apartment. A few seconds previous he had arisen from his chair, his movement taking place, it seemed to me, on account of mental reaction against a question I asked. He gazed out into Broadway. The street was aglow. Headlights on countless vehicles made the pavement and sidewalks bright as day. Electric theatre signs, poised high in the air illuminated the tops of the highest buildings. But standing out in brilliant fashion was one particular sign that held our joint attention. A block away it gleamed, in pure white lights that stood out against all competing brilliancy, blazing forth the name:

GEORGIE PRICE

A full minute he gazed in silence at the giant sign. Then he turned and said in a voice just a tiny bit uncertain:

"Abraham Lincoln didn't try to hide his past. But he wasn't in the show business. But—I guess it'll not hurt my standing or decrease the number of people who like me. I'll tell you. Twelve years ago I lived in one of Brooklyn's near-tenement houses. I used to run ahead of my brother who sold newspapers and yell the headlines on his papers to get a few pennies for food. I always had a loud voice. Something to eat and wear and a roof that didn't leak was my idea of luxury. Why, there were times when—"

"But how many autos have you now, Georgie?" I interrupted.

The lovable lad who has danced, sung and laughed his way into the hearts of a million American theater-goers proceeded to tell me his story—for the first time in his life—so he said.

Seated opposite each other for the second time, and while George Price was studying his method of introduction, I had a chance to take a close observation of the boy's features. His face, a little long; his eyes, clear and penetrating; his mouth, well formed; his high cheek bones and strong jaw indicated firmness—all in all, the lad looked not like an actor, but a strong-willed business man. His clothes were modest to the extreme. The low collar, despite a neck that would have justified a handsome one of high width, showed quite plainly that a flashy personal appearance was his least desire. Dark hair and eyes further strengthened my belief that Georgie Price's success on the stage would have attended his efforts directed toward other lines. His very appearance reminded me of a synonym of success.

A question was on my lips when the boy began: "I don't know whether this has anything to do with the story, but my going on the stage was like almost everything else the family did at that time, on account of necessity. They say 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' That's more of a truth than an epigram. In our case, my mother was the inventor, too. Why,

in order to help us get along—you see my father was lost for nearly three years, or maybe we were lost; at any rate, he couldn't locate us—why my mother invented some stove blacking. She



GEORGIE PRICE

found that by mixing ashes with grease she made a fine stove polish. She put this in tin cans and carried it all over Brooklyn. And many's the can she sold, too."

Taking advantage of interviewer's license, I'm going to tell you about an incident that Georgie's sense of modesty asked me to treat very lightly.

Shortly before the youth became six years old he obtained a ticket to one of the cheaper Brooklyn theaters as a reward for distributing handbills. This show was a four-performance-per-day affair, featured songs and dances, risqué stories and ragtime, which at that time was just becoming an art. George sat all through the performance, could repeat almost every "gag," knew the words of all the songs, and had a fair knowledge of what the actors did to put their lines across. He immediately attempted to capitalize his newly-found ability. A visit to the fire station on the way home was his first step. The husky Brooklyn firemen gathered in a circle about the six-year-old entertainer while he put on a hour of entertainment for them, and George went home with nearly two dollars in nickels and pennies. It was then his mother found out he had ability.

"Georgie," said his mother, upon the child's return home, "here your mother slaves for you, walking her feet off with stove-blackening, and

you making yourself a tramp. You should get a good licking. Where have you been?"

And Georgie took out his first stage money and spread it on the table. Then he went thru his show. The good licking turned out to be a good hug.

"He shouldn't sell papers when he can make theater," said Mrs. Price. "My boy is going to be an actor. I see it in his face. Look, Alex. Look how he walks. I tell you we have an actor in our family."

And Alexander Price, four years Georgie's senior, also thought it would be a great idea. He was ten years old. Today he is Georgie Price's manager—with as much work as he can attend to, taking care of the great juvenile's salary, song royalties, and various other forms of revenue.

The first public appearance on a stage made by Georgie was quite an event in the Price household. Georgie tells it this way:

"Mamma scrubbed my face till it was red as a beet. She had previously invested as much as the family could stand in a new suit for me. I was all diked out, knew my lines and songs backwards. Everybody in the family, including all the neighbors that lived in the same house, kissed me before I left. I have to laugh every time I think of how Alex kissed me and looked at me when I left with mamma for the theater, which happened to be eighteen miles away. The family had nearly exhausted its resources buying me a suit, a hair cut, new shoes, blouse and tie. It was some tie, too—black silk. Mamma spent about two hours trying to tie it just right. Alex wasn't old enough to say what he meant, but I felt it just the same. He wanted something to come from that investment."

When Georgie and his mother returned home from the amateur show, the family purse contained about thirty dollars in nickels, dimes, and dollar bills, the majority of which had been thrown from the audiences. The big hit on Georgie's part was his song "Come Back to Old Manhattan, Molly."

Then followed several weeks of doubt on the part of the entire Price family. Provided there were enough amateur shows, Georgie's talent could be capitalized in a most helpful way. But such shows came once every six or eight weeks. Georgie was ready and willing to go on the stage, but where was the opportunity? It came in a most unexpected way.

Among the smaller merchants maintaining their shops in the vicinity, about which the six-year-old Georgie Price played, was a tailor. This tailor had a rather varied clientele, among which was a young man named Herman Timberg. The latter was a good customer, by virtue of the fact that he was on the stage and appearing in Gus Edwards' act, "School Days." The tailor knew Herman Timberg as well as he knew Herman's mother. Moreover, this tailor had an inkling that little Georgie Price had a talent that merited development. So he took it upon himself to invite Mrs. Price and Georgie up to the Timberg's house for Herman's birthday party.

Continued on page 167

A sterling silver-sheet picture

Making Married People Happier

With a sound philosophy, that is based on the everlasting truths sweetened by master entertainment-makers, "Why Change Your Wife," should go into screen history as a classic



The average man would rather wear skirts than enter a modiste's establishment. The odor of the place nauseates him. The swish of chiffon and silk bristles his feelings like a frightened porcupine.

... And yet, here we find a doting hubby bravely swallowing his dislikes, buying his temperamental spouse a surprise dress. They've been quarrelling, you see. And he's going to bring home quite an expensive "olive branch."



He could please everyone except wife. And how she nagged at him. He smoked too much; he didn't appreciate classical music; he liked an occasional drink; he persisted in letting his bulldog roam the house; he did everything to anger a wife and please a sweetheart.

... Of course, the model helped bring about the separation that caused both of them outward laughs and inward tears.

... Nor could hubby keep from freeing his heart. What he told wife would have made Aristotle wrinkle his forehead and start thinking.



So different from his wife was this clinging little model.

... Moreover, he had known her years ago; had carried her books home from school in the old home town, from which both had migrated to New York.

... This little model liked this rich, young, curly-haired married man. She thought she had a man right to him as the girl who made him rich, and fast, and worry—man if that girl did happen to be his wife.



... Naturally he married the model.

... While the ex-wife tried to look chic and happy, but used up more tears per day than any other woman in the world.

... Then came a trip to Atlantic City, a renewal of acquaintance and the logical thing happened—the spark of sweetheart love was fanned. It flamed.

... And when the big test came with an accident that cast a black shadow across the further life of hubby, it was wife No. 1 whose love held true.

... Thus she came back to him as wife and sweetheart, instead of his official affliction.

life for their big themes. Yet, in this is their salvation.

"Never having been an adventurous American, trapped by a band of bewiskered, bloodthirsty Bolsheviks, I cannot feel any specific sympathy for one when I see him in a similar predicament on the screen. I have, though, experienced the joys and regrets of a ride across the state of Texas in a Ford. And inasmuch as there are quite a few million people in these United States who have shaken hands with Henry, I am convinced which of the two is the more interesting theme.

"It is not necessary, either, for us to look abroad for stories. Off-hand I would be inclined to say that none is so blind as that author who seeks inspiration in foreign travel books.

"There are many themes here at home and they are not laid in ball rooms either, for there are more stories to be written about the patched shirt of a working man than the starched bosom of a society idler.

"Suppose, for the moment, you were an author in search of a theme. Providing you are sufficiently successful to own an auto, jump into it and ride out on one of the principal thoroughfares in any large city. Choose one of those streets lined with the homes of the wealthy, show-places, broad expanses of stucco, verdant landscapes studded with prim cypress trees, and all that sort of thing. It is all truly beautiful—to the eye—but there are no signs of life about. If you want to call at the home of any of these families, you must wait till 2 P. M., the third Wednesday of every month, at which time you will be received with smug formality. Possibly, being an author, a gentleman of an analytical turn of mind, you may speculate with some sense of curiosity as to just what those people do on the other Wednesdays of the month. Possibly, if you are like most authors, you will vow that if you ever own one of these mansions you will want the world to call on you.

"Travel on, then, beyond this solemn paradise. A turn to the left and a jog to the right brings you into a less prosperous neighborhood. The day is Sunday. You are in front of the cottage of the Jones family. A flivver, loaded down with grandma, mother, father and the two children, is just stopping. The occupants of the cottage, father, mother and little sister, Sue, are joyfully rushing out to meet the visitors. (There's a picture of Bobby in the album in the living room—he would be eight years old next month had he lived.)

"Mother is drying her hands on her bungalow apron. Father is coming from the rear yard with a garden hoe. 'Come right in and take off your things!' Every day is calling day at the Jones house. Which of the two homes is of the greatest story value?"

King Vidor has perhaps the most promising future of any motion picture director in the business. His youth—for he is the youngest of directors—coupled with his genius for knowing how to satisfy the public, gives him a decided advantage over brilliant directors who have already attained the pinnacle of their achievement. Vidor's talent is still in the process of development and he is constantly improving, while others are at a standstill or have even begun to retrograde. He is engaged in exploiting a new field and has already enjoyed gratifying results. What will the condition of his talent be in five years from now when he will have had ample opportunity to gain the benefits of his rich experience in this new field? The writer is but one of the few who confidently believes that King Vidor will reign as the world's premier motion picture director, the most finished artist of his kind, and at least the most popular.

"Heart Throbs" Pictures

Carry you back to the days of childhood. Watch for them on the screen.

KING VIDOR AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

"Doug" is discovered
wearing his famous
"smile that won't
come off"



KING VIDOR

Directing an exciting scene
with the aid of 6-8 tempo



Goldye Miriam Nibbles Bon-bons

With Constance Talmadge

By
GOLDYE MIRIAM

While the screen's premier comedienne talks about subjects that are never mentioned in interviews—little things that little girls babble about in the attic on rainy afternoons—

WITH so much gossip about her engagement to Irving Berlin, her ten thousand dollars-per week salary, her wonderful automobile, and the diamond ring given her by an English Lord, I'm not ashamed to admit that I was nervous even before I entered the studio. Interviewing great people is a queer proposition. I didn't tremble when I asked Samuel Gompers some personal questions that made him grit his teeth; I wasn't bashful when Mme. Schumann-Heink, in the seclusion of her hotel suite, sang a ragtime song for me exclusively; I didn't pant when ex-President Taft submitted to my questioning; nor was I stricken with a case of stage-fright when Irvin S. Cobb asked me to dine with him. But when Constance Talmadge smiled at me and passed the box of bon-bons I couldn't help it. I just lost my breath. It was a full minute before I was composed. Then I looked at her—and I certainly stared.

Constance can't be over five and a half feet tall. She appeared a trifle slender—she must weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is a pretty golden and she has dark brown sparkling eyes. I won't attempt to describe how she was dressed. Anyway, our photo-play editor is a young man and he wouldn't appreciate it. How well I remember what he said as I left the NATIONAL offices and set out for the studios. Said he:

"Now don't rave about her clothes. Find out about *her*. See if she likes olives and pickles and hard-boiled eggs. Just talk about what occurs to both of you at the moment. And by all means don't ask her about motion pictures. Just spend an hour with her as you would spend it with a college chum. You know what girls talk about when they're together. Just talk to *her* that way and then come back and write all about it."

So I began the interview by saying:

"I saw the *prettiest* baby in the subway. I almost fell in love with him. He was just beginning to say cute things and he even made the guard smile. Don't you just love baby-boys?"

The famous Miss Talmadge settled back in her chair. Evidently it was a relief to her that I didn't ask for some advice to young girls who want to enter the movies.

"I love all babies," she said. "The sweetest thing in the world is a baby's smile—from a boy baby especially. There are two times when the male sex is really cute—when very young and when a little bit elderly. I'll never forget some of the cute babies I saw in the surf while at Palm Beach. They were just darling."

"But don't you think the young man in his 'teens' is cute?" I asked Miss Talmadge.

"Well," she hesitated, "I think you are stretching the word. Cuteness is innocence. When a boy reaches the trousers stage, the majority are

no longer innocent. The average boy knows how to rifle the pantry at six; how to fool his teacher at nine; how to propose at sixteen; how to correct his parents at twenty and how to manage chorus girls at twenty-one. So you see, men are only really cute when they are too young to know *anything* and old enough to know *everything*."

"Connie" watched me speed my shorthand

kindergarten, ward school, high school; maybe to college, maybe to business offices; and then—they wait for marriage. Do you wonder why some girls don't get any farther than thirty-five dollars a week? It's because they take up work as a temporary pastime. Their hearts are not in their work. You can't make good at *anything* unless you go at it with the firm determination to surpass. Those girls and women who do

take work as a permanent proposition, get farther along. I know lots of them and admire them too."

We each ate another piece of candy.

"Don't you love candy?" she said. Here was my opportunity to find out about the olives and pickles.

"OOoouggg yes," I said. "And olives and pickles too."

"So do I," said Miss Talmadge. "Ripe, green, sweet, sour, Dill or any kind. When I was a little girl I used to dream of castles chuck full of barrels of sweet and sour pickles. And I probably thought Heaven was paved with green olives."

There was one more question I just *had* to ask. It was about the hard-boiled eggs. I was having awful difficulty trying to find an appropriate opening for the question, when Constance said:

"I love to play billards. We have a table out at Long Island and—"

"Oh," I interrupted with a blush. "Those balls look so much like hard-boiled Easter eggs that I'd be afraid—"

"Don't you just *love* hard-boiled eggs?" she quickly spoke up.

I could have shouted for joy.



CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in the effort to write down her clever epigram. I looked up almost exultant when I had completed entering the last word.

"You're quite expert at that, aren't you?" she commented.

I'll admit my heart beat a little faster. Praise from Constance Talmadge is a new sensation.

"How would you like to be a stenographer?" I blurted out, forgetful of how the question might sound.

"Fine," she responded. "But I don't think anyone would have me. I'm not efficient. But it sounds like interesting work to me. What are most stenographers paid?"

"About twenty to thirty-five dollars per week," I estimated. "And they work pretty hard too. I have some friends that type, type, type, and they never seem to get any farther along. I suppose they're just waiting until they get a chance to marry."

"H-m-m-m," mused Constance. "That's a funny thing isn't it? Girls are born; they go to

—the hotel clerk

looked up from his book of registrants.

"You want to see Miss Lorraine Harding?" he repeated. "She's working on a Heart Throbs picture and I think she's just getting ready to go out on location."

The Heart Throbs girl stepped off the elevator.

"Hello, Goldye Miriam," she greeted. . . . "Why, I'd be delighted to be interviewed."

Goldye Miriam's interview with Lorraine Harding will appear in next month's NATIONAL.

Two hours before curtain time

At Georgie Price's Home

By
MIRIAM
SAFFIR

While Mother Price is making "luckshun" soup, while Alex Price is checking the song royalties and Bertha Price is playing dolls, the lad who brought his family from poverty to riches—

THE world's highest paid eighteen-year-old boy brushed aside the plush-lined curtain that bordered the window in his New York apartment. A few seconds previous he had arisen from his chair, his movement taking place, it seemed to me, on account of mental reaction against a question I asked. He gazed out into Broadway. The street was aglow. Headlights on countless vehicles made the pavement and sidewalks bright as day. Electric theatre signs, poised high in the air illuminated the tops of the highest buildings. But standing out in brilliant fashion was one particular sign that held our joint attention. A block away it gleamed, in pure white lights that stood out against all competing brilliancy, blazing forth the name:

GEORGIE PRICE

A full minute he gazed in silence at the giant sign. Then he turned and said in a voice just a tiny bit uncertain:

"Abraham Lincoln didn't try to hide his past. But he wasn't in the show business. But—I guess it'll not hurt my standing or decrease the number of people who like me. I'll tell you. Twelve years ago I lived in one of Brooklyn's near-tenement houses. I used to run ahead of my brother who sold newspapers and yell the headlines on his papers to get a few pennies for food. I always had a loud voice. Something to eat and wear and a roof that didn't leak was my idea of luxury. Why, there were times when—"

"But how many autos have you now, Georgie?" I interrupted.

The lovable lad who has danced, sung and laughed his way into the hearts of a million American theater-goers proceeded to tell me his story—for the first time in his life—so he said.

Seated opposite each other for the second time, and while George Price was studying his method of introduction, I had a chance to take a close observation of the boy's features. His face, a little long; his eyes, clear and penetrating; his mouth, well formed; his high cheek bones and strong jaw indicated firmness—all in all, the lad looked not like an actor, but a strong-willed business man. His clothes were modest to the extreme. The low collar, despite a neck that would have justified a handsome one of high width, showed quite plainly that a flashy personal appearance was his least desire. Dark hair and eyes further strengthened my belief that Georgie Price's success on the stage would have attended his efforts directed toward other lines. His very appearance reminded me of a synonym of success.

A question was on my lips when the boy began: "I don't know whether this has anything to do with the story, but my going on the stage was like almost everything else the family did at that time, on account of necessity. They say 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' That's more of a truth than an epigram. In our case, my mother was the inventor, too. Why,

in order to help us get along—you see my father was lost for nearly three years, or maybe we were lost; at any rate, he couldn't locate us—why my mother invented some stove blacking. She



GEORGIE PRICE

found that by mixing ashes with grease she made a fine stove polish. She put this in tin cans and carried it all over Brooklyn. And many's the can she sold, too."

Taking advantage of interviewer's license, I'm going to tell you about an incident that Georgie's sense of modesty asked me to treat very lightly.

Shortly before the youth became six years old he obtained a ticket to one of the cheaper Brooklyn theaters as a reward for distributing handbills. This show was a four-performance-per-day affair, featured songs and dances, risqué stories and ragtime, which at that time was just becoming an art. George sat all through the performance, could repeat almost every "gag," knew the words of all the songs, and had a fair knowledge of what the actors did to put their lines across. He immediately attempted to capitalize his newly-found ability. A visit to the fire station on the way home was his first step. The husky Brooklyn firemen gathered in a circle about the six-year-old entertainer while he put on a hour of entertainment for them, and George went home with nearly two dollars in nickels and pennies. It was then his mother found out he had ability.

"Georgie," said his mother, upon the child's return home, "here your mother slaves for you, walking her feet off with stove-blackening, and

you making yourself a tramp. You should get a good licking. Where have you been?"

And Georgie took out his first stage money and spread it on the table. Then he went thru his show. The good licking turned out to be a good hug.

"He shouldn't sell papers when he can make theater," said Mrs. Price. "My boy is going to be an actor. I see it in his face. Look, Alex. Look how he walks. I tell you we have an actor in our family."

And Alexander Price, four years Georgie's senior, also thought it would be a great idea. He was ten years old. Today he is Georgie Price's manager—with as much work as he can attend to, taking care of the great juvenile's salary, song royalties, and various other forms of revenue.

The first public appearance on a stage made by Georgie was quite an event in the Price household. Georgie tells it this way:

"Mamma scrubbed my face till it was red as a beet. She had previously invested as much as the family could stand in a new suit for me. I was all diked out, knew my lines and songs backwards. Everybody in the family, including all the neighbors that lived in the same house, kissed me before I left. I have to laugh every time I think of how Alex kissed me and looked at me when I left with mamma for the theater, which happened to be eighteen miles away. The family had nearly exhausted its resources buying me a suit, a hair cut, new shoes, blouse and tie. It was some tie, too—black silk. Mamma spent about two hours trying to tie it just right. Alex wasn't old enough to say what he meant, but I felt it just the same. He wanted something to come from that investment."

When Georgie and his mother returned home from the amateur show, the family purse contained about thirty dollars in nickels, dimes, and dollar bills, the majority of which had been thrown from the audiences. The big hit on Georgie's part was his song "Come Back to Old Manhattan, Molly."

Then followed several weeks of doubt on the part of the entire Price family. Provided there were enough amateur shows, Georgie's talent could be capitalized in a most helpful way. But such shows came once every six or eight weeks. Georgie was ready and willing to go on the stage, but where was the opportunity? It came in a most unexpected way.

Among the smaller merchants maintaining their shops in the vicinity, about which the six-year-old Georgie Price played, was a tailor. This tailor had a rather varied clientele, among which was a young man named Herman Timberg. The latter was a good customer, by virtue of the fact that he was on the stage and appearing in Gus Edwards' act, "School Days." The tailor knew Herman Timberg as well as he knew Herman's mother. Moreover, this tailor had an inkling that little Georgie Price had a talent that merited development. So he took it upon himself to invite Mrs. Price and Georgie up to the Timberg's house for Herman's birthday party.

Continued on page 187

A sterling silver-sheet picture

Making Married People Happier

With a sound philosophy, that is based on the everlasting truths sweetened by master entertainment-makers, "Why Change Your Wife," should go into screen history as a classic



The average man would rather wear skirts than enter a modiste's establishment. The odor of the place nauseates him. The swish of chiffon and silk brutalizes his feelings like a frightened porcupine.

... And yet, here we find a doting hubby bravely swallowing his dislikes, buying his temperamental spouse a surprise dress. They've been quarrelling, you see. And he's going to bring home quite an expensive "olive branch."



He could please everyone except wife. And how she nagged at him. He smoked too much; he didn't appreciate classical music; he liked an occasional drink; he persisted in letting his bulldog roam the house; he did everything to anger a wife and please a sweetheart.

... Of course, the model helped bring about the separation that caused both of them outward laughs and inward tears.

... Nor could hubby keep from freeing his heart. What he told wife would have made Aristotle wrinkle his forehead and start thinking.



So different from his wife was this clinging little model.

... Moreover, he had known her years ago; had carried her books home from school in the old home town, from which both had migrated to New York.

... This little model liked this rich, young, curly-haired married man. She thought she had as much right to him as the girl who made him sigh, and fret, and worry—even if that girl did happen to be his wife.



... Naturally he married the model. ... While the ex-wife tried to look chic and happy, but used up more tears per day than any other woman in the world.

... Then came a trip to Atlantic City, a renewal of acquaintance and the logical thing happened—the spark of sweetheart love was fanned. It flamed.

... And when the big test came with an accident that cast a black shadow across the further life of hubby, it was wife No. 1 whose love held true.

... But she came back to him as wife and sweetheart, instead of his official affliction.



President Hadley's Heritage to Education

Democracy and public service, Yale traditions, strikingly exemplified in the life of her leader. His resignation comes after a score of eventful years

CRITICISM is often the best kind of commendation. When John Corbin, a Harvard graduate, writing in "Which College for the Boy," said that one might gain "a pretty clear idea of Yale's failure to produce men of advanced ideas or of originality in the arts, and of her success in producing substantial men of business and in the professions," he was paying that institution an unconscious compliment. "Yale is," he went on, "the typical American university . . . its failures and successes are those of the nation at large."

The book was published nine years after Arthur Twining Hadley had been elected president, so it applied as equally to the Yale of today as to the Yale which Nathan Hale attended.

After two decades of this typically American and inspiring service, President Hadley has offered his resignation in order to devote more of his time to economic research. He will continue in office, however, to the end of the next school year. That he has succeeded in his work is shown by the profound regret of student body, faculty, and alumni alike at his resignation.

President Hadley has been far more than a college president. He is the embodiment of Yale's traditions of democracy and public service. He has attained nation-wide fame as an economist. State and national administrations have called on him to aid in the solution of knotty problems. To these summons he has responded nobly, without once neglecting his primary duty as leader of a great educational institution. And, in the spare moments not occupied by these various and exhausting activities, he has written treatises on such varied subjects as education, railroads, public morality, philosophy, and politics. Such is the versatile nature of the man who for twenty years has guided Yale, and who for more years than that has given his best in the education of thinkers rather than the production of mere thoughts alone.

Of his achievements, more presently. Let us turn now to the man himself. President Hadley's father was a Yale professor of Greek, a famous philologist, and one of the keenest minds America has ever produced. His

grandfather as well was a teacher of men, having for a number of years been professor of chemistry in a New York medical college. And so it was natural that Arthur Twining Hadley should have a literary bent of mind, and more natural still that he should make Yale the college of his choice.

While he was still a freshman, the untimely death of his father occurred, and a career which had promised untold value was cut short. Three years later the young

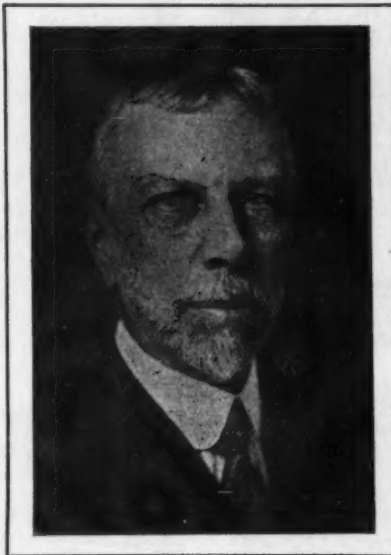
Hadley received his degree. He was then twenty years old. His studies were continued at Yale and later at Berlin. Upon his return to this country he acted as tutor, lecturer and professor, giving freely of his time to public causes.

At the close of the last century the Yale Corporation chose him for the presidency, and they did so because he had already proven his ability. He had been a professor of economics and political science for thirteen years. He had lectured for three years on railroad administration, and had acted as associate editor of a well-known railroad periodical. He had been commissioner of labor statistics for the state of Connecticut. He had been president of the American Economic Association.

He was *expected* to succeed in this larger work.

Now, it is quite common for an untested man to be placed in a position of responsibility and achieve success. And it is not strange for a man of proven ability to undertake a new task, and fail to measure up to it. The cases that are rare are those of great men who go on achieving greatness, continue in overcoming obstacles and making accomplishments only the foundation stones upon which to rest still greater works. This is what President Arthur Twining Hadley of Yale University has done.

In keeping the university over which he presided true to her ideals of democracy, of public service, or valuing men for deeds rather than for social or financial prestige, President Hadley has performed an inestimable service. It was one thing, back at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when student body and faculty alike earned their subsistence by toil and attended classes when the time could be spared, to be democratic; it is quite another to



ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

President of Yale University since 1899, who has offered his resignation in order to devote himself to economic research. He has been instrumental in conserving the school's traditions of democracy and public service

maintain that same virile spirit in an age of rapidly ascending fortunes and of marked differences in social strata. This in itself has been a great accomplishment.

"Yale is intensely democratic," President Hadley said in a baccalaureate address several years ago. "Every man is encouraged to feel himself in the fullest sense a member of a community."

The spirit which he has been inculcating into the thousands of men who have come under his supervision is the same spirit which social idealists see as the ultimate goal of community life. It is the goal which looks "beyond both animal passions and human selfishness" to a service which is of benefit to all. He has lived this principle in the countless times he has given of his time and energy to public problems.

This is President Hadley's view of democracy:

"Democratic communities have always been in danger of accepting the will of the majority as a sufficiently good test of what is right. However good conditions may be, they are *never so good* as to relieve us from the responsibility of making them better.

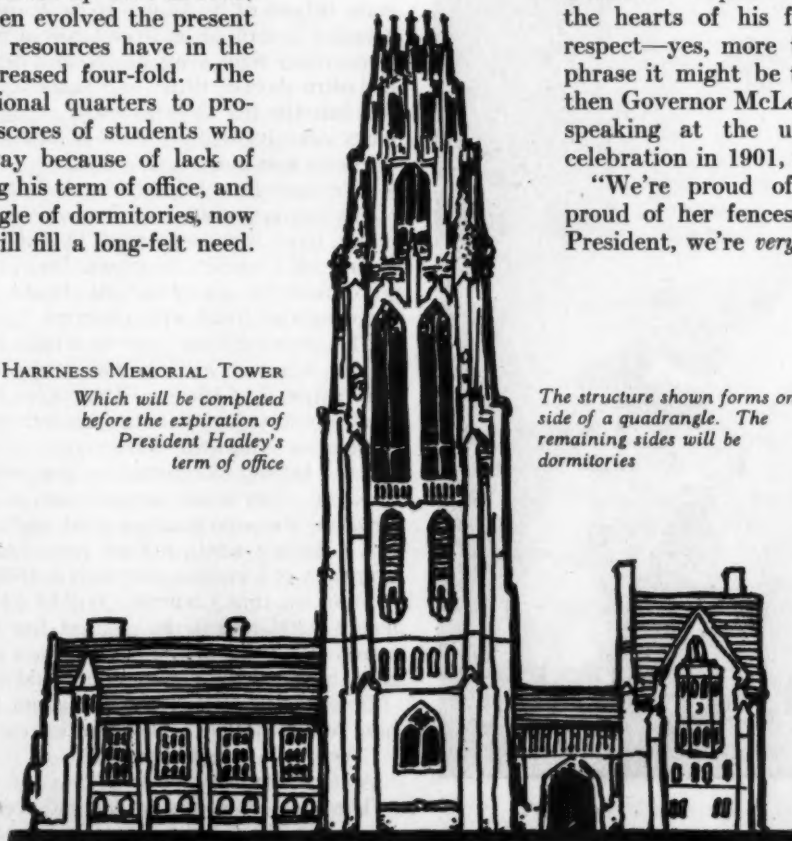
"We must learn to take the lead—not simply to accept public opinion, but to do our part in moulding it."

"Athletics have been strongly favored by him," says *The Graphic*, a Yale undergraduate publication, in eulogizing President Hadley. "He has favored their growth," it continues, "because the development of college athletics has been of great service in counteracting some of the dangerous tendencies of the day. As he states, they promote the democratic spirit, give the needed moral training, and, if properly managed, have still another advantage in training the students to honor a non-commercial standard of success."

President Hadley has co-ordinated the various schools which made up Yale in 1899, and from them has been evolved the present university. Financial resources have in the same period been increased four-fold. The construction of additional quarters to provide for some of the scores of students who are yearly turned away because of lack of room was begun during his term of office, and the Harkness quadrangle of dormitories, now nearing completion, will fill a long-felt need.

HARKNESS MEMORIAL TOWER

Which will be completed
before the expiration of
President Hadley's
term of office



The structure shown forms one
side of a quadrangle. The
remaining sides will be
dormitories

It was the morning after the resignation had been announced to the college world. The last note of the doxology had sounded in chapel. As the president walked down the aisle, receiving the bows of the senior class in



HISTORIC CONNECTICUT HALL

what is one of America's oldest college traditions, there was a significant hush. At the conclusion, there would be the customary rapid shuffling toward the exits. *But no!* For a brief second all classes remained standing, stationary. Then the spell broke and lines of men poured forth to breakfast at Commons, to the campus, postoffice, to classes.

In that brief second's pause was a silent tribute of respect to a leader who has won the hearts of his followers. A tribute of respect—yes, more than mere respect. To phrase it might be to use the words of the then Governor McLean of Connecticut, who, speaking at the university's bi-centennial celebration in 1901, said:

"We're proud of Yale's elms and ivy; proud of her fences and faculty; and, Mr. President, we're *very* proud of you."

The mantle falls on worthy shoulders

Warren G. Harding—The Man

By logical processes of inevitable progression the Republican presidential nominee has advanced to the leadership of his party

HAVE you ever heard a friend who rises to public prominence discussed by people from random impressions? From a photograph, from a glimpse in public life, from stray paragraphs, the picture of the man is formed. Then you begin to realize how few public men are really known by the people. The true proportions may not always prevail in the perspective of an admiring friend, any more than in the hazy, indistinct notions that enhalo a new leader whom destiny has thrust into the foreground of world activities.

Four years ago I stood on the platform of the Coliseum at Chicago after the Republican Convention had adjourned *sine die*. As Warren G. Harding laid down the gavel, a group of admiring friends gathered about and chorused the remark: "You will be nominated here four years hence." The

remark passed as one of the casual political prophecies, but events recall events.

Eight years ago Warren G. Harding first addressed the delegates of the Republican Convention. It was not a brilliant or pyrotechnic speech. It was too conservative to suit the temper of the times, and he, like many others, was consigned by political wiseacres to the large expanse of oblivion that envelopes passing figures in the political field. There was something in his bearing and presence on the platform, however, which indicated to keen observers that he was in an environment he understood, and for which he was fitted. The whirlwind of political discussion was not new to him. At that time there were rivals and opponents who felt a respect for this well matured young star in the political firmament, and who insisted, just as the "home folks" did, that here was a man in the full and unmeasured sense of the word. He looked, acted and spoke the part of the typical American, concerning whom admirers might venture the conviction:

"Some day that man will be President!"

When he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, his friends felt there was a Governor-in-the-making, but alas, political tides ebb and flow, and he was defeated, but two years later he was elected United States Senator by one hundred thousand majority—one of the first in this country chosen by the direct vote of the people. The senatorial toga came to him as a state tribute of his fitness to deal with national problems, as revealed first of all, in his address at the Republican National Convention eight years before, and his presiding genius in the turbulent days of 1916—four years later.

When the list of presidential nominees for the Republican party, with its high prospects of success were reviewed in 1920, his name was in the background.

"He came from behind," as they say in real sports.

His primary campaign was so modest that two-thirds of all the funds was contributed by the "home folks" at Marion. Every dollar carried the conviction of the "home folks"—those who knew the man—that he should be President. Some of the campaign funds were returned.

The unpretentious way in which his campaign was conducted was indicated in the cards used in the Republican Convention in Chicago. They were the very same as those used in the state primaries a month previous, with the word "primaries (May 4th)" blotted out. The same printed likeness of Mr. Harding was carried by the delegates, as by the voters of Ohio. The whole appeal was so simple and modest at Chicago, that the Harding men could easily wear the cards, like a miner's torch in their hats. All of which recalled the simplicity of Lincoln's campaign in 1860.

From the time Chairman Will H. Hays opened the proceedings by declaring it the greatest free-for-all national political convention ever held, it was anyone's guess as upon whom the great honor of the nomination would fall.

Bossless, leaderless, the delegates found themselves in a haze of speculation. They queried each other:

"Well, who is it going to be?"

And nobody could answer.

The time for a new leader had come. The delegates were there. It was a great moment in history. The one time in



MRS. G. T. HARDING
Mother of Warren G. Harding (died May 29, 1910)

which the voice of every one of the millions of sovereign voters directly shape and influence the destinies of our own country in choosing a President for this great republic. Future world politics are foreshadowed in the decision of the great

mother's passionate fondness for flowers was communicated to the son, who, in all the after years, whether at home or across the seas, whether alone or among the multitudes, had flowers for her every Sunday morning as long as she lived; and since

she passed away, in 1910, still clings to the custom of having flowers in his room on that day, no matter where he may be located, to recall the sacred memory, thus observing "Mother's Day" every week of the year.

Those first five years of life at Blooming Grove have left their mark. During that time the father and mother were busy with their patients and responses to calls from far and near. They were the days of agues, chills and fever, due every other day—demanding from the doctor and his wife time and absence from home,

even to sitting up nights with the sick and the sorrowing, adding forever to the luster of the services of the country doctor and the spirit of neighborliness.



Site of the birthplace of Warren G. Harding (election day is his birthday)

balloting tribunal in November, which will prove the greatest referendum ever known in history.

A BLUE-EYED BABE IN BLOOMING GROVE

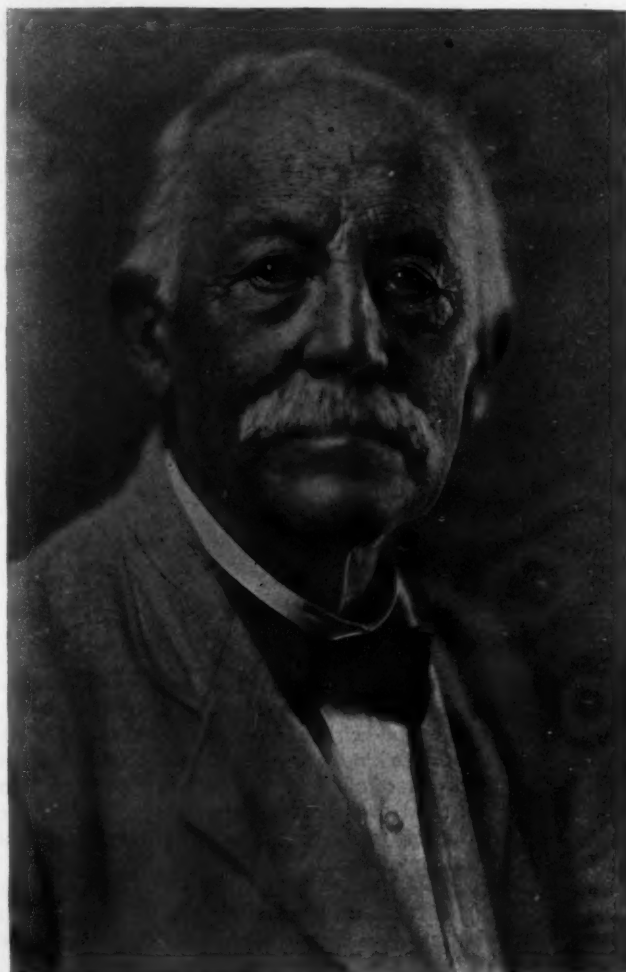
Years ago the little hamlet was called Corsica after the birthplace of Napoleon, but the flowers of the woods and the prairie suggested the name of Blooming Grove to which it was changed. Just one hundred years ago, on a little eminence outside the village, the Hardings located. Midway in this century, plus six years, a blue-eyed child was born, in a simple farmhouse clustered by cribs and barns. The mother rejoiced that her first-born was a boy, for she had dreams concerning his destiny. The old Daguerreotypes, still in existence, show the serene Nancy Crawford and Tyron Harding in a charming romance at sweet sixteen. This picture reveals the unusual charm of young Harding's mother.

These were the days of large families; yet it is striking to note how near to extinction this branch of the Harding line came. Owing to the Indian massacres, only a single Harding remained, yet like the Nile, almost disappearing at times, the family strain broadened in the next generation to generous proportions—no less than nineteen names appearing in the next family record.

This blue-eyed baby boy born in Blooming Grove was named for the husband of Aunt Tillie, whose name was Warren Gamaliel Bancroft, the latter being a Methodist preacher who lived a long life of usefulness in active service, and after retirement to the superannuated relation really began and lived another life of usefulness. The story of this aged minister's life shows him to have been a remarkable personality, whose smile and kindly presence radiated happiness and joy.

The middle name which the child bore was of Bancroft origin. Its significance is important, carrying the inference that the old clergyman not only believed in Biblical names, but, as in the case of Paul who boasted that he had sat at the feet of Gamaliel, that the name itself might influence his life.

True to the name he bore the child was an early student at his mother's knee, listening to Biblical stories, and always "hungry for more." Before he could read, he was committing to memory the great sentiments and truths of the Scriptures, and following the path of the immortal Lincoln in this respect. Before he knew even his alphabet his mother read him many books. During these formative days there grew up such a beautiful intimacy with his mother that it was never broken, continuing with tender devotion to her last sunset days. The



DR. G. T. HARDING

Father of Warren G. Harding. Dr. Harding was seventy-six years old on the day his son was nominated for President

During all these years the unstinted and chivalrous praise of Dr. Harding to his wife's untiring and unselfish service acted as an alchemy to bind the family into bonds of closest affection, and became a potent factor in sending forth sons and daughters to follow in the parental footsteps of doing good in the world.

THE HARDINGS A HARDY RACE

In the early struggles of rearing the family, the definite plan of father and mother was to educate their children. Little was said of ancestors. They were too busy with the



MISS ABIGAIL HARDING
Sister of Warren G. Harding

problems of the present, and realized that the Harding name had to be made a name by their efforts. In moving about, many of the old relics and heirlooms and records were scattered, but relatives in the East kindly furnished the Harding brothers and sisters with the proof of their right to be enrolled as Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. It seems logical to assume that Warren G. Harding to the very marrow of his bones should represent a typical American.

In 1630 John and Richard Harding arrived at Weymouth Landing, Mass., and joined the Plymouth Colony. Later, Amos Harding left for Connecticut, and when the Revolution came it found his descendants had again removed to Orange County, New York. Thus many of the Hardings enlisted and fought in the Continental Army with the New York troops. The restless adventuresome Harding spirit prevailed, and the family pushed,

on to Pennsylvania and settled in Wyoming Valley. They were there when the tragic massacre described in the poem occurred. The Slocum families, related to the Hardings, were scalped and wiped out in the massacre, with the exception of a little girl of three years of age, who was captured and carried off by the Indians. She was given up for dead after years of search, but the story of the lost child was handed down year by year. A vagrant paragraph in a newspaper relative to the probable fate of this child, came to the attention of Colonel George Evans, an Indian trader in Loganport, Indiana. While among the Indians one day he observed a squaw who did not seem to act or walk like the rest of the tribe. Her sleeves were rolled up, revealing the white skin of her arm, which immediately aroused his suspicion. He addressed her in the Miami tongue, calling her a white woman, and she started, saying, "Yes, I was a white child, but I can remember nothing of my people."

She was married to the chief of the tribe which captured her, but had left him to become the bride of the chief of the Miamis. When implored to return to her people she refused. Two grown daughters and a lifetime spent with the wandering savages had completely weaned her from her own. The spell of the wild was stronger than the call of civilization, and a monument to her memory was erected, commemorating her as "The White of the Miamis."

This story was received from the lips of Dr. Harding in his home. Although he was seventy years of age the day his son was nominated for President, he is still making his daily rounds of calls on patients. His step is sprightly, his eyes are not dimmed, nor his vigor abated. His memory is unerring on past, as well as on present events. He seemed especially well informed on all the current political topics, as well as the political history of the country during his long and active life. One could see the influence of the brain power and tenacious memory of the father who had trained his son.

The Hardings are a hardy race.

During the visit to the Harding home, a modest structure with maple trees in front, and a narrow, vine-covered porch, I immediately felt the homelike hospitable atmosphere of the place. I had knocked several times before the door was opened by the handsome and stately sister of the Republican nominee, who has maintained the traditions of the family as a teacher in the high school for many years. As she ushered me in, she seemed truly a queen in gingham. She had been busy about the housework. Her name is Abigail Harding, but she is called "Miss Daisy." Another sister, Mrs. Votaw of Washington, D. C., entered later, having returned from her work as an officer in the Juvenile Court in Washington, to the old home. She is the baby sister who spent ten years as a missionary in India, and established missions and dispensaries in Burmah. It was of her and her son—the last and the first born—of whom the mother had said: "These are consecrated to some God-like service to humanity."

How beautiful it was to hear this family speak of each other in such terms of affection, lending a new halo to the meaning of the American home. There was the other son, Dr. George Tyron, Jr., of Columbus, Ohio, who had chosen his father's profession, in which he has achieved marked distinction. They spoke of Charity (Mrs. E. E. Remsburg) the sister now in distant California, who was a great chum of the distinguished brother, who called her by the pet name of "Chatty" because of genial companionship.

What large family is not blessed with the name of Mary? A few years ago Mary Harding passed away in the years of blooming young womanhood, leaving to the family a great heritage. Though having only very limited vision she made golden minutes and precious hours of life, and she saw things not revealed to the physical sense, and her contribution to the enrichment of the family was a marvelous spirituality. For years her brother had read to her, hour after hour, books and papers, discussing the great questions of the day and the

philosophy of life and politics, for which her enlightened soul gave her a keen insight. When this sister and her mother passed beyond the sight of mortals, the family circle was bereft of two choicest spirits, and the heart of the editor and growing statesman had received its deepest wound.

While I was there the moving picture men came to transform what seemed a sacred picture into one to be gazed upon by curious and interested throngs everywhere. The Doctor and sisters good-naturedly complied with the camera man's request to "keep on talking and don't look into the camera," as Mary Pickford would to a moving picture director. With true Harding hospitality, the neighbors and I were invited to come into the picture, but the circle was too select, and the camera man frowned, as did we all, for this was the day of the Hardings.

Then we were off to the Doctor's office. The way was long, and the day was hot. Closed cars were running, but the sprightly young man of seventy-six led me off at a merry clip down the tree-lined

avenue. It made "the fat guy" puff as we paddled along, while the Doctor kept up a cheery chat, telling me of his horse, and why he did not like automobiles.

"I had two—one I ran into a wire fence trying to dodge a load of hay, and the other had a meaner disposition than any balky horse I ever owned. No, I like to walk or ride behind a horse."

Up one flight in the *Daily Star* building and I found myself in Dr. Harding's office. On the open door was a printed pasteboard sign, that had been there for many years, evidently printed in the *Star* office from wood type, reading:

"DR. HARDING'S OFFICE."

There was the desk with letters torn open—open but still in the envelope, a bible and a mass of bills uncollected. Over the door was another pasteboard sign reading: "Office Patients Must Pay Cash." There was an old-fashioned rocking chair, with a pillow cushion; calendars showing Betsy Ross and the flag; a portrait of his son Warren; a group picture of Dr. Harding and his boys at the county fair in the front row of the grand stand. One window was decorated with flags, and another with flowers. The linoleum on the floor made a simple foreground for the portrait of Lincoln. The old slate with a pencil was there upon which to leave a message if the sign indicated "Doctor Is Out." The room at one side contained the medicines, and the other was filled with instruments and relics indicating the activities of his career. A gas fireplace made it seem homelike. It all presented a wonderful picture of a country doctor's office.

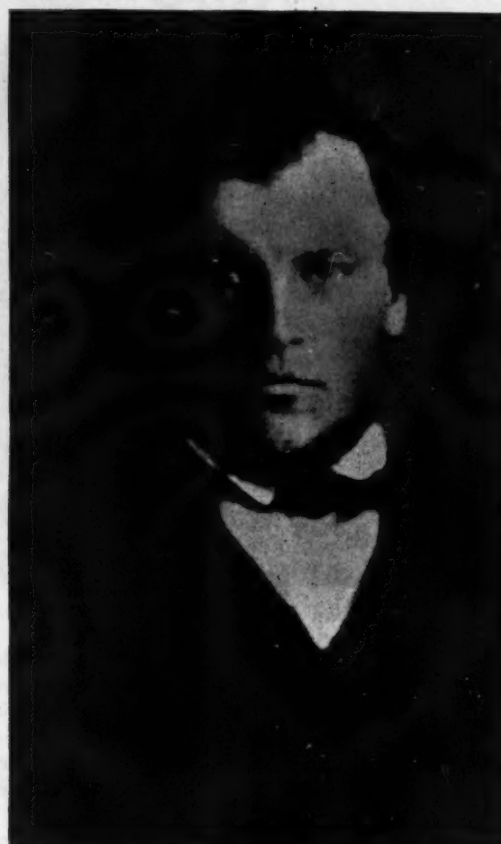
The doctor insisted that we go to Vail's, the photographer, and have our pictures "took" just for ourselves. Everyone

greeted the cheery soul, who was even as welcome in health as in sickness. He is a man of medium height, stubby gray mustache and keen gray eyes. He is very energetic in manner.

"Yes, I did try to have it dyed once—like Uncle Warren's—



Mary Ann Crawford Harding



Charles Harding

THE GRANDPARENTS OF WARREN G. HARDING

but it all turned pink, so I had to lose my mustache and begin all over again."

Open-hearted and frank, there is a wholesomeness that makes the visit with Dr. Harding one long to be remembered.

Across the hall is his son Warren's editorial den, and together father and son have been real pals, although following different professions.

In the editor's office he proudly pointed to the picture of James G. Blaine and the Napoleonic picture. There was the degree of LL.D. from Ada, Ohio; a cartoon and a clipping framed of an article written by a newspaper reporter sent out to hound him on a tour. Instead of this he paid tribute to the sturdy campaigner from Marion and lost his job. The pictures on the wall tell a story and the affectionate regards of the newspaper men for "W. G."

The Doctor left me to finish my notes upon the editorial desk of his son. It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and a little later I peeked into the Doctor's office. The woman attendant said: "The Doctor is taking a little nap after the vigorous rush of making calls."

I tiptoed quietly down stairs. He was just the sort of a dear old dad we all love. He seemed to belong to everyone.

THE BROADENING FIELD OF PUBLIC SERVICE

The unfolding of the public career of Warren G. Harding was as natural as the processes of evolution in the physical world. He was born to lead, trained for destiny, measured up to responsibility, and just naturally grew to presidential timber.

The home town of Marion is for him today, to a man, irrespective of party, because from the beginning he has been the

highest exemplification of civic responsibility and leadership and champion of sound government. The growth of the town from 6000 to 30,000 has had no more important factor than the work of Warren Harding. He has always urged his reporters to "boost" any man who ever lived in Marion and who has made



Residence of Warren G. Harding at Marion

any sort of a success on the highway of life. He has always taken the keenest pleasure in seeing his fellow-townsmen get on, and has put the strongest support possible back of them.

Whatever pertained to the public good of his home town found in him an ardent advocate and worker. Because of this the "home-folk" are for him. They know him, believe in him, love him.

This describes the man! As he is loved at home, so he has been abroad, as the horizon of his activities and as his career has broadened.

The qualities which have most to do with the creation of a strong personal following—a following which is not political so much as friendly—are first of all a rugged honesty, Lincoln-esque in its directness and simplicity. It is no small tribute in a large town to have mixed with Tom, Dick and Harry—and Warren G. Harding, by common consent, is a companion, a man sought—and yet to have retained through a period of thirty-six years the trust and respect of all. Through his newspaper he knew everybody, called them by their first name; knew their relatives and their family history. Long service in a growing American town is a supreme test of a public man. One of his favorite mottos is, "Honesty Endures," and his home people declare him sincere as Roosevelt; flawless in reputation as Washington; affable as McKinley, poised in judgment as was John Hay. He has not only made friends at home and found new ones abroad, but has kept both.

His first public office came as the natural result of his unconscious friend-recruiting. His friends expressed their views from various angles.

"We want him for the state senate; for he looks like a senator." "We will not nominate him for any office until we can nominate him for a senator; for he speaks like a senator, and he is a man who will keep right on going."

This was in 1889. In the campaign, his enthusiastic father took his picture from the wall and put it in the window of his office. This was too much for the modest Warren. Going in he took it down saying: "Let the other people put up the pictures, Dad; they all know where you stand."

He served for four years in the turret-towered capitol at Columbus, where his work on committees, his insight into state and national questions, his team-work and conference

genius, soon marked him as a man destined for wide fields of usefulness.

From this time his editorials on public and national questions began to attract wide attention. Here, if anywhere, he shows strong and big. The files of his paper are an open book. His every mood and whim was day by day through a long period of years put to the test. Here he stood four-square to all questions and discussed them in a fearless forum with his own people.

His ripe judgment, graceful speech, polished manner soon drew him to Chataqua platforms and on the circuit.

His service in the state Senate won for him the Lieutenant-Governorship of his state in 1903. And in 1912 he first addressed a National Republican convention. In the thick of the fight he was a towering figure.

His election to positions of public trust was now a succession of data. In 1914, he was elected to the United States Senate from Ohio by over 102,000 majority.

Now the broadening career had begun in earnest. The world-war conflagration had just broken out. His coming was contemporaneous with the advent of a new world order. Here his long daily study of national and international questions found scope. He was made a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, had much to do with the document declaring a state of war, and later with the conduct of the great combat.

In all the exacting questions which had to be met, he soon proved the good judgment of his home state in sending him to the Senate. All the legal acumen of long study at home, the point of view gained even from the days when he sat in the home court room listening to the arguments of local attorneys, the ripe experience of long grappling with great questions of national import, came to flower.

He was recognized as the man of balanced brain and heart. His judgment was sound, having in it the vision of the statesman together with the common sense of a trained business man. Perplexing judicial and diplomatic questions were submitted to him, and in all his careful, well-poised, balanced point of view clarified the most complex questions.

In a pre-convention address before the Home Market Club in Boston, he spoke from the same platform with Governor Coolidge, the vice-presidential nominee, and little did they, or any one present, dream that this combination of brain, power and leadership would be combined on one ticket. Here Warren G. Harding paid a tribute to Roosevelt as the one who had brought the awakening of the American conscience and closed with this prayerful prophecy:

FACE TO THE FRONT

"I like to think that we in the United States of America have come nearer to establishing dependable popular government than any people in the world. Let us cling to the things which made us what we are. We are eminent in the world, and self-respecting as no other people are. Yet America has just begun. It is only morning in our National life. I believe there is a destiny for this Republic; that we are called to the inheritance, and are going on to its fulfillment. Let us have our faces to the front. Let us cling fast to the inheritance which is ours, never fearing the enemy from without, but watching the enemies from within, and move on to the fulfillment of a splendid destiny."

Added to his other gifts was a rare sense of humor, which, to the delight of the hearers, crept into even the driest discussions, and made him a favorite speaker. The story of a hat bought in Paris, illustrative of how the tariff works, may be cited from the traditionally dull pages of the Congressional Record:

HE CARRIED THE HAT HIMSELF

"Now, what were facts? Bear in mind that I had given \$40 for this hat in Paris, and the tariff is a tax, and the tariff is 60 per cent. Well, this hat was a very beautiful specimen. It was a large one, and I, as the head of (Continued on page 185)

Harding and Coolidge—

The Choice of an "Unbossed" Convention

How the Republican nominees, one a Senator who worked his way through college to his present position in the Senate, and the other the master of the Boston police strike, were selected at Chicago



AFTER being a witness of eight Republican National conventions, nominating eight presidents, I am wondering whether to view the Chicago convention of 1920 as a veteran, looking through a perspective of thirty-two years—or to consider this the first time that I have fully appreciated the processes of nominating a president. Well, here goes, resisting all temptations of reminiscences.

Badged as an assistant sergeant-at-arms on the floor among the delegates, I had a closer view in 1920 than when sitting in the seats of the mighty in the press gallery beside William Jennings Bryan, or looking over the shoulders of the National Committee, sedate and stately, on the platform. Dignity soon sweltered under the hot-house roof. It was a shirt-sleeve event.

The thrill of expectancy as the throngs gathered under the waving dome of flags, the buzz and chatter, the greetings and the chase for seats, is a spectacle that preserves the traditions of the Republic—for presidential year is the one time when every individual feels it his or her inherent right, to express directly personal choice for president of the United States. The discussions and expressions of preference cannot be quelled in the tingling excitement of the convention.

The scene was inspiring. Rows upon rows of faces, eager and expectant, in the galleries surrounding; ripples of cheers and good-natured chaff. On the floor, within the square, surrounded by a railing, were the delegates rallying about the guerdons or signs indicating where the various state delegations were assembling. This was the tribunal, located on one level, to give expression to the voice of the people.

An impressive distinction here was viewed. Among the delegates and among the alternates directly behind them, with a simple rail dividing, were many women—the first women who have ever directly participated in a national political convention.

The full and complete American citizenship as proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence in 1776 was here revealed. The hats added a tone to the baldness of the convention picture, and the dress and beaming features of the mothers, wives and sisters in that forum seemed to make the arc of the family circle complete as the bulwark of the nation.

The faces of the delegates and alternates were aglow with the light shimmering from above and each one seemed to feel the importance of the event.

Moments of reverent attention to the prayer and to the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, were fitting expressions of the two things on which all agreed, no matter what struggle might follow—God and country were the real keynotes.

When Chairman Will H. Hayes came down the flying bridge onto the platform, he found the circle marked indicating where the speaker should stand, and read the words blazing in front: "Stand within the circle and speak slowly."

He greeted a convention that was as unbossed and leaderless as baseball bleacherdom, and hailed the fact as an omen of triumph for Republican institutions as conceived and founded by the fathers. His slender form and uplifted arms and ringing

voice started a swift succession of demonstrations for the party and the intrepid organizing genius of its national chairman.

When Senator Henry Cabot Lodge came forward and took the gavel, the lights flashed on the scene. The sounding board device gave a metallic ring to the voice, but everyone heard what was being said.

In the delivery of the rather lengthy keynote address Senator Lodge followed with phrase after phrase, with gesture emphatic as if he were handling the gavel.

The first battle on the platform in the committee on resolutions indicated a victory for the Hiram Johnson forces and gave hopes to his followers.

The address of Senator Chauncey M. Depew, who has attended thirteen conventions, including the one that nominated Abraham Lincoln, was a masterpiece. His voice rang out in the great convention hall with all the sturdy resonance of early years and as in the past, was a stirring note that brought together the delegates and audience in an expression of party unity. His good nature and optimism of achievement was a cheering sign, and the Grand Old Man further endeared himself to his party associates.

In the corridor at the rear of the platform, was the "marble room," where the real work and direction of the convention began. As the leaders came out from the convention hall there were hasty conferences. All seemed at sea during these first hours and none could venture prophecies.

The Wood and Lowden forces were ready to lock horns for the final test. Talk of getting the dark horse out of the stable began when the poll of the "light horses" indicated a neck-to-neck contest.

The long report of the Resolutions Committee, read by Senator James E. Watson, was really a triumph in dramatic art and recalled the time when he presided as chairman on that same platform eight years ago and stood with Hadley, of Missouri, the hope of the hour in a compromise. The platform seems to satisfy everyone and stood four square on the dominant issue—Americanism.

The real game was to begin as the flood of nominating speeches followed. It was a race for the prize. Everyone was on tip-toes, expecting that Governor Allen's nomination of General Wood might start a dark horse in the person of the Kansas governor. It was long and had been loaded up by the publicity committee and missed the target.

The nominating speech for Hiram Johnson was his undoing. It was pathetic and tragic to see a candidate massacred by a bungling orator. The Hoover demonstration in the galleries indicated support among many admiring and discriminating people, but it lacked foundation and organization, so much so that the demonstration for Hiram interfered with the body trying to secure his nomination.

The speech that stands out was when former Governor Frank Willis of Ohio, whose big voice has been heard before in this convention hall, named Warren G. Harding. He was good-natured, paid tribute to all other candidates, turned around to let everyone see and hear him, and then drove home his sledgehammer climax to his fellow delegates in earnest. Harding

immediately became the dark horse favorite, and among the delegates it was whispered:

"With Harding we can sleep nights. He's the safe man on a compromise."

Even before the balloting began it was felt that the slush fund investigations would eliminate Wood and Lowden, but the shower of red feathers falling on the delegates gave Wood followers new hope. The demonstrations were allowed to run their course—in the meantime, there were examples in arithmetic quickly solved as a summary was made of the first ballot.

With paper and pencil, thousands awaited the first roll call, revealing the actual strength. The game was on and the leaders pulled hard for their full strength. Lowden hopes reached high watermark when the Wood vote was tied.

Then came one of the adjournments that decides a fate. All night the struggle continued. Two hundred uninstructed delegates were sought in hotel rooms and headquarters, which were strewn with banners, cards, pictures, buttons and some hopes.

When I greeted Senator Harding some time before the balloting began he said:

"Joe, do you remember your prophecy on that platform four years ago when the convention adjourned?"

I replied with a country-editor salute:

"I do, but I am afraid it's gone a-glimmering."

It did not look to me as if Harding would be nominated, and I then and there lost my standing as a latter day prophet and an original Harding man.

For when Warren G. Harding had dropped the gavel in the Coliseum four years ago we prophesied he would be nominated there at the next convention. He had always seemed to be the logical successor of McKinley as Ohio's candidate, and Ohio always has a winning way in furnishing presidential candidates.

He was then becoming prominent in state politics, and the editorials of *The Star*, of Marion, were widely read and quoted. He has been a printer's devil and lived on potatoes and butter brought in to pay subscriptions. Ever close to the people, Warren G. Harding is a safe, sane man—just a human fellow-American whose judgment and cool common sense is required in times like these. His first suggestions were to make a snappy campaign and go to the people with the message of the hour, without wavering or pandering.

Twenty years ago in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE Marcus A. Hanna predicted that in 1920 the campaign would be for "Sound Government" in its fight against anarchy, as in the '96 campaign "Sound Money" was the dominant issue.

Since the 1920 convention the primary system has shown glaring weaknesses that must be remedied to give a poor man a chance to serve his people, for a real campaign now makes the high cost of living look like low tide.

Action was taken to have the National Committee arrange a plan for more equitable representation in conventions based upon the number of Republican votes cast and to eliminate the rotten borough representation from the southern states that has always been a bad factor in nominations.

The issue was squarely drawn without truckling to class or race threat. The world war has revealed that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and in the fight for American liberty and an Americanism sound to the core. Theodore Roosevelt, in the last triumphal days of his career—proving the real leader in awakening this country to its duty, selected Warren G. Harding to fight the battles in Congress when executive autocracy sought to throttle the will of the people.

A pathetic scene of hopes deferred was revealed in the various candidatorial headquarters at the hotels. Banners and pamphlets were strewn about. The few Harding buttons were at a premium, but all seemed to agree that in the last analysis the people will choose the right man for the responsibilities of the hour.

The home of Warren G. Harding, at Marion, will recall the front porch campaign days of McKinley at Canton. The home of Calvin Coolidge, at Northampton, Mass., will be another spot from which the words of a candidate vice-president will be more than an echo going to the people in the remotest sections of the land. The world war has brought the country closer together, and geographical location is an incident, rather than an essential.

This is a U. S. A. campaign. In person Warren G. Harding is tall, dignified and kindly. He loves people and is modest to a fault. Calvin Coolidge's quaint Yankee drawl and power of expression and action will make him a help-mate rather than a tail to a presidential ticket. The candidates can both talk and write in language which the people can understand, and they know how to square their deeds with their words.

THE ALL-AMERICAN CREED OF CALVIN COOLIDGE

(From his notable address, "Have Faith in Massachusetts")

Men do not make laws. They do but discover them. Laws must be justified by something more than the will of the majority. They must rest on the eternal foundation of righteousness. That state is most fortunate in its form of government which has the aptest instruments for the discovery of laws. The latest, most modern, and nearest perfect system that statesmanship has devised is representative government. Its weakness is the weakness of us imperfect human beings who administer it. Its strength is that even such administration secures to the people more blessings than any other system ever produced. No nation has discarded it and retained liberty. Representative government must be preserved.

The people cannot look to legislation generally for success. Industry, thrift, character, are not conferred by act or resolve. Government cannot relieve from toil. It can provide no substitute for the rewards of service. It can, of course, care for the defective and recognize distinguished merit. The normal must care for themselves. Self-government means self-support.

Man is born into the universe with a personality that is his own. He has a right that is founded upon the constitution of the universe to have property that is his own. Ultimately,

property rights and personal rights are the same thing. The one cannot be preserved if the other be violated. Each man is entitled to his rights and the rewards of his service be they never so large or never so small.

History reveals no civilized people among whom there were not a highly educated class, and large aggregations of wealth, represented usually by the clergy and the nobility. Inspiration has always come from above. Diffusion of learning has come down from the university to the common school—the kindergarten is last. No one would now expect to aid the common school by abolishing higher education.

It may be that the diffusion of wealth works in an analogous way. As the little red schoolhouse is builded in the college, it may be that the fostering and protection of large aggregations of wealth are the only foundation on which to build the prosperity of the whole people. Large profits mean large pay rolls. But profits must be the result of service performed. In no land are there so many and such large aggregations of wealth as here; in no land do they perform larger service; in no land will the work of a day bring so large a reward in material and spiritual welfare.

The Spirit of Christian Brotherhood

The Only Hope of the World

Dr. Francis E. Clark, the distinguished founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, writes his conclusions after visiting war-torn countries of Europe

In world movements the Christian Endeavor Society was one of the first to make a survey and begin work under the personal direction of Dr. Clark, the founder of the society, a world traveler and observer. Long ago he urged with all the force of his convictions that churchmen must interchange work in the vineyards of the world to make mankind understand the real Brotherhood of Man

I HAVE just returned from four months of constant travel, mostly on the continent of Europe, going as far east as Belgrade in Jugo-Slavia, and was greatly impressed with the fact that the one crying need of the world is the spirit of brotherhood and fellowship.

Never were there so many enmities, jealousies, and heart-burnings rife among the nations. Every stranger is regarded as a possible enemy; hence the intolerable difficulties of travel arising from the necessities of obtaining passports for every national border; hence the high prices arising from embargoes and restrictions of trade; the nearly worthless currencies of many nations which cannot re-establish their industries and commerce; the strikes, the revolutions, the universal unrest.

I see no hope of real peace or world-stability and prosperity until something of the spirit of mutual trust and good-will which the war has shattered is restored. Conditions are likely to go from bad to worse, with possible world anarchy in the background, unless a real peace is made, not at Versailles, but in the hearts and tempers of men, founded upon the principles and teachings of the Prince of Peace.

To promote this spirit of goodwill every international and interdenominational organization should exert itself to the utmost. Good international commercial relations will help. Travel and exchange of teachers in schools and universities is of value; but, above all, the churches and religious organizations of all the denominations must do their part in bringing about the new era.

To this end such organizations as the Federal Council of Churches, the World Alliance of Churches, the Interchurch World Movement, the Church Peace Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, Sunday-schools and Christian Endeavor Societies should work together. All are international and interdenominational in their scope.

In my recent journey to Central and Eastern Europe, I was glad to represent several of these organizations: the World Alliance of Churches, the Federal Council, the Church Peace Union, but especially the Christian Endeavor Societies of the world. These societies are found in every land and seem to have recovered their full vigor and have largely increased their numbers since the war. The many conventions I have attended in Great Britain, France, Switzerland and Jugo-Slavia, and reports I have received from many other lands show that the spirit of fellowship and goodwill is not dead, though it has been sleeping, since Mars turned the thoughts of men to warlike deeds.

The hope of the world for generations yet unborn is in the survival and re-establishment of the Spirit of Brotherhood, which is the Spirit of Christ.

Francis E. Clark

"No more the Deluge"

Mastering Dayton Flood-tides Forever

*How modern engineering science is harnessing rivers
that water fertile farm lands of Miami Valley in Ohio*

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

GIGANTIC engineering projects are usually pictured in a setting of rugged mountains and roaring gorges. This is one reason why the Miami Conservancy work in the state of Ohio, which is expected to safeguard the cities of Dayton, Middletown and Hamilton from a repetition of the disastrous flood of 1913, startles the imagination by contrast. Fertile farm lands made up of meadow-swept hills or covered with golden grain for a century past have yielded their birthright and are now the scene of a colossal engineering undertaking. The total to be expended will amount to more than twenty-five million dollars.

The flood waters of 1913 had hardly receded before plans were laid to see that it should not happen again. Because of the many vital interests at stake, a great amount of preliminary investigation was necessary, and to Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, well known for his work on drainage and flood control projects in the South, was given the task of building up an engineering organization, as well as an industrial organization, to carry out the Miami Valley project.

To select the best men for the job was a matter of great importance. Thousands of applicants were studied, sorted, and the best prospects selected after personal interviews. The result is a body of engineers carrying out the many different

phases of the great Miami Conservancy project that is at once unique and interesting.

There are on the project men of many different countries, including the United States, Holland, Canada, Norway, England, Ireland, Austria and China. They come from twenty-six states of the Union. They represent forty-one different universities, colleges, and technical schools. Their previous work has carried them into many countries other than those mentioned. One has been in South America, where he built the highest railway in the world across the Andes Mountains. Another has worked in the East Indies. There are men who have designed and built dams and tunnels and pipe lines in Arizona deserts, and others who have built dams and tunnels along the New England hills. There is a man who assisted in designing the spillway of the great Ashokan Dam, and who also had an important part in the designing of the Kensico Dam at Valhalla, New York. There is a man who has designed and built drainage systems in the Philippine Islands for the United States government, and there is a man who designed and built the highest dam in the world at Arrowrock, Idaho.

These men were picked by Chief Engineer Morgan because of their special fitness for the job in hand, and all the wealth of education and experience which they had gained on other



Excavating for outlet structure at Taylorsville Dam. Dragline machine excavating a rock sixty feet in depth. Following up excavation with concrete work (extreme right)



Hydraulic fill in progress at the Germantown Dam. Outlet conduits are to be seen in the foreground. Whole valley is closed and total floor of the river is confined to outlets. This view is taken looking up-stream

great undertakings has been brought into this one great organization, whose effort is to free Miami Valley for all time from overwhelming and disastrous floods.

The task logically divided itself into five great dams properly located on the five rivers that feed the Miami Valley, and each had to be worked out as a separate and distinct engineering problem. The largest dam is at Englewood on the Stillwater River. This dam will be 4,660 feet long and will rise 120 feet above mean low water. Except for conduits and spillways of concrete, the dam will be built entirely of earth and gravel fill.

At Taylorsville on the Miami River, the length of the dam will be 2,980 feet and it will stand seventy-three feet above mean low water. This dam is also built of earth and gravel "sluiced" from the adjacent hills. In addition to the work on the dam site at this place, it is also necessary to remove several miles of tracks of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from the valley to the hillside.

At Lockington, across Loramie Creek, the longest dam of the group measures 6,400 feet, or more than one mile. The height of the dam is seventy-five feet above mean low water. Here, as elsewhere, the work is done by what is known as a "hydraulic fill."

The dam at Germantown on the Twin Creek offered new problems, and it was found necessary to build an entirely new channel for the stream. While the dam is only 1,210 feet in length, it is one of the most spectacular in the group, as it is one hundred and six feet high, situated between the rugged cliffs of a narrow valley.

At Huffman, on the Mad River, well named because of its sudden rises and floods, the length of the dam is 3,340 feet, with an almost uniform height of seventy feet in its entire length. In building this dam it was necessary to divert the river in order to build the concrete spillway and outlet conduit in the original bed. The work here has required the re-location of three railroads—the Erie Railroad being brought from the left to the right bank of the river where it is joined by the Big

Four—and the Ohio Electric Railway Company in a massive cut thru the side of the hill that reminds one of the famous Culebra Cut of the Panama Canal.

In all, it has been necessary to re-grade and re-lay twelve miles of railway track of four different railroads to place them above the back-water of the dams.

For the same reason that made it necessary to move the railroads, it was incumbent upon the Conservancy District also to purchase thirty thousand acres of fertile Miami Valley land. This included, among other things, hundreds of farms and one whole town, the village of Osborne, this latter consisting of about four hundred deserted houses, which are for sale to the highest bidder for house wrecking materials, as all will be obliterated by the flood waters of the dams.

In addition to the building of the dams and as a further preventative of destruction, the Conservancy District is widening the Miami River and increasing the height of the levee thru Dayton and other large cities so that it will carry seventy per cent more water than would fill the old river channel to the tops of the levee. The flood of 1913 was equivalent to a mass of water half a mile wide and ten feet deep rushing at a velocity of ten feet per second thru the cities of Dayton, Middletown and Hamilton; it was fully three and a half times greater than the old channel and levees could take care of.

From an engineering standpoint, the outstanding feature of the Conservancy work is the utilization of the hydraulic dredge pumps in building the dams and embankments. The method is very simple. The earth, together with about ten times its volume of water, is brought up by the suction pipe of the dredge pump and the mixture pumped thru dredge pipes to the point desired where the water is permitted to run away, leaving the earth and gravel behind it. As applied to dam construction, it has not only the advantage of making a cheaper dam, but a better one. The possibilities of the dredge pump and the dredge pipe for this kind of work is being greatly widened as a result of the Conservancy work, because of improvements that have been made. In one item alone, that of dredge pipes,



Railroad cut at Huffman Dam to carry the Big Four and Erie railroads around the dam and retarding basin. This is a view of the excavation looking toward the east

thousands of dollars have been saved. Metallurgical engineers studied the problem and recommended a special analysis steel for such pipe. The next thing was to find some concern who would attempt to make what was wanted. The question was put up to the Research Department of The American Rolling Mill Company of Middletown, Ohio, and as a result this concern, which had already established a world-wide reputation for the manufacture of Pure Armco Iron, succeeded in making a special analysis steel dredge pipe that is giving three times the service of former pipe, thus reducing the cost of hydraulic filling to a very great extent. Every detail of the colossal undertaking has been planned and worked out with the same infinite care.

One of the most interesting phases of the work, and which has required careful planning, is the disposition of the valuable farm lands which the Conservancy Commission has taken over. It is a big problem in itself. The fertile fields have not been allowed to remain idle, but have been planted to crops and handled as one gigantic farm, with superintendents at each of the five basins. Taken together, it comprises perhaps the largest farm in the United States under one management, and the yield in wheat and corn and other farm crops has been tremendous.

Upon the completion of the dams, these lands will be thrown open for purchase subject to overflow in wet seasons. Such farm houses and barns as lay along the river valley have been moved up the slope so as to be out of danger from submergence by flood and will be safe for occupancy.

The farms have been re-divided and re-adjusted to suit these re-located dwellings. Except during seasons of flood, the retarding basins will be dry—as dry as they ever have been, and only except at rare intervals do they act at all; they are

hardly more than what they have always been—extensive river bottoms of very fertile and long cultivated land, the stream winding thru them just as formerly, with conduits at the base of the dams large enough to accommodate the ordinary stream, or even moderate freshets.

Experts believe that these lands will be greatly enriched by just such overflows, in a way similar to the river Nile. Rivers in flood always carry large quantities of silt, that is, mud, fine sand and organic material which slowly settles to the bottom greatly enriching soil; it is one of the best fertilizers known.

At each of the dam sites, attractive suburban villages have been built for the workmen and their families with modern sanitation and conveniences. The days of tents and shacks of unsightly, unsanitary appearance in a construction camp are gone. It is believed that these camps will remain as villages following the completion of the work, for they lie in picturesque and beautiful settings and might well attract home makers. Mess halls, first-aid hospitals and stores, a community hall for public meetings and entertainments, and a schoolhouse for children help to make up the attractive life of the camp.

The task of buying all the materials for the Conservancy project is not a small one. It is in charge of Fowler Smith, formerly purchasing agent for the city of Dayton under the Waite administration. Mr. Smith's energy is boundless, and it needs must be, for upon him falls the duty of buying endless things, big and little, from a "spool of thread" for the Conservancy's stores to the most modern equipment for so gigantic an engineering project.

Four years more will probably be required to complete the work, but even today the great Miami Valley is safe from further disastrous floods. It has cost considerable money, but the feeling of security is worth all its costs.

Famous American Ranches and the Story of the Cattle Kings

By EVERETT LLOYD

Captain Charles Schreiner of Kerrville, Texas—ranch and wool king, banker, merchant, philanthropist and benefactor—whose rise from a poor French immigrant youth to a commanding position in finance and empire building is one of the most appealing chapters in Texas history. One of Captain Schreiner's ambitions was to leave his eight children—five sons and three daughters—one million dollars each. But he was able to do more than this. He celebrated his eightieth birthday two years ago by retiring from active business and donating a site of one hundred and forty acres of land near Kerrville and \$250,000 in money to be used as the nucleus for building the Schreiner Preparatory School for Boys.

MONEY has a way of gravitating to those who can use it wisely. So accurate and unerring is the law of success that every man gets all the money he can safely handle—no more and no less; and the measure of a man's usefulness is his ability to make his money do service for others. Above a certain amount, wealth is excess baggage.

Captain Charles Schreiner, benefactor, philanthropist and millionaire Texas ranchman, was not unlike thousands of other boys of foreign birth who came to this Land of Opportunity; but from the standpoint of achievement—handicapped as he was in the days following the Civil War—Captain Schreiner is one of a small number of the most notable successes in American history. We mention Captain Schreiner first as a benefactor and philanthropist, because he was and still is essentially a benefactor—first to his family, his town, his state, his country. Though born in France and in love with the sentiment and traditions of his native country, Captain Schreiner is first of all an American.

The little city of Kerrville is seventy miles from San Antonio, and it was to this little city that Charles Schreiner walked the entire way from San Antonio in 1865 rather than part with his last five-dollar gold piece. At eighteen young Schreiner joined the Texas Rangers, later he joined the Confederate forces, was mustered out after four years of service and returned to his little ranch cabin in Kerr county; and here started over anew a business romance and successful career that is without a parallel among the cattle kings of the Southwest. Starting with a small herd of sheep and cattle, Captain Schreiner



(Bottom row reading from right) Gus F. Schreiner, Captain Charles Schreiner, L. A. Schreiner (top row) Charles Schreiner, Jr., A. C. Schreiner, Walter R. Schreiner

THE BUSINESS ROMANCE OF CAPTAIN CHARLES SCHREINER

Who Rose from Immigrant to Multi-Millionaire

IN THE YEAR 1852 there dwelt in the little village of Riguevihr, France, Gustave Adolph Schreiner and his wife, Charlotte, and their family of five children. The call of the New World, the land of opportunity, had come to them often, so that—finally yielding to the Western "urge"—they embarked from Sunny France for the shores of America.

Landing in America, they ultimately removed to Texas, where they took up their residence in the city of San Antonio de Bexar. Here the sons and daughters grew into staunch citizens and acquitted themselves honorably. It remained for one, however—Charles Schreiner—to emblazon the family name on the records of the great Southwest. Though but a lad of fourteen when the family took up their residence in Texas, Charles Schreiner soon distinguished himself for his energy, ability and creative genius.

At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the Texas Rangers, in which he served with distinction. Then, in 1857, having married in the meantime, he removed to Kerr County, then a frontier wilderness infested with Indians and wild animals.

Here he located a ranch, dividing his time between attending his flocks and fighting Indians. However, the little ranch house had hardly become well established when the call to arms was sounded throughout the nation, and the young ranchman—joining the Confederate Army—fought with distinction through the Civil War.

The war over, he returned to his little ranch and his wife and one son, who were awaiting him in the blue hills of the Upper Guadalupe. On the homeward journey he walked the seventy miles from San Antonio to his ranch in order to save the one lone five-dollar gold piece that constituted his financial strength on that April day of 1865. However, he was undaunted and at once set to work to rehabilitate his fortune.

In 1869, foreseeing the future of Texas, Captain Schreiner—in company with the late August Faltin—entered the mercantile business at Kerrville, which was at that time but little more than a shingle camp on the upper reaches of the Guadalupe. At this time Captain Schreiner was also a county officer, having been elected County and District Clerk in 1866. Two years later he was elected County Treasurer, a position he held for thirty years, finally resigning in order to do justice to his large business interests.

Shortly after Charles Schreiner had entered the mercantile business, he bought the interest of his partner and set himself to the task of building a mercantile establishment and banking house that would stand at the very top. This was done so successfully that the Charles Schreiner private bank is now one of the strongest in Texas and having a banking home that would be a credit to any city in the State.

While amassing a great fortune in a country where there was apparently not much money, Captain Schreiner always found time, despite his multiplicity of business affairs, to take an active interest in public affairs, and has participated prominently in practically every worth-while movement. He has also been an enthusiast in the matter of building good roads, and has recently donated to Kerr County Road District No. 1 \$150,000 maintenance fund for the roads in that district.

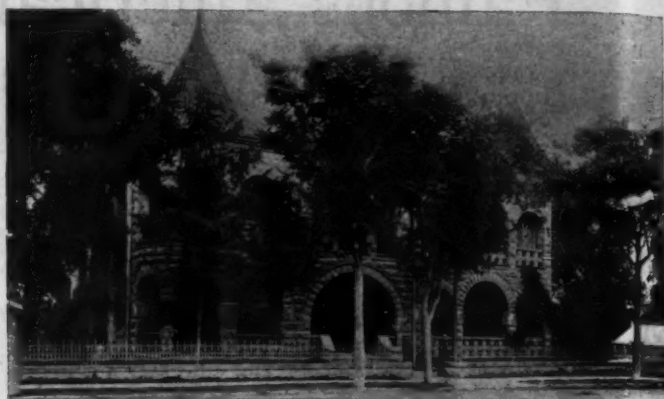
Now, after fifty years of business experience in Kerrville, Captain Schreiner celebrated his eightieth year—for he was born on February 22, 1838—by giving a fortune to build a preparatory school for boys near Kerrville.

The bequest includes 140 acres of land and \$250,000, and construction will begin one year after the signing of peace between the United States and the Central Powers, a stipulation that was made in order to take advantage of the lower prices of building materials which will then obtain.

The new preparatory school is to be located on the land bequeathed, which is on the north bank of the Guadalupe River near Kerrville, and will be a fitting monument to the business sagacity, patriotism, and generosity of this self-made American.

acquired large tracts of land; he became a merchant and banker, furnishing supplies and money to the neighbors throughout a half dozen counties. Many of these early pioneers are still customers of the Schreiner store and the Schreiner bank. He became an operator in cattle on a large scale and at one time owned five hundred thousand acres of land in Kerr and adjoining counties. He became a large buyer of wool and mohair, and the Schreiner interests are the largest shippers and exporters of these two products in the Southwest, handling several million pounds annually. Along with his other business activities, Captain Schreiner turned his attention to the development and settlement of his section of the country. He sold homes and farms and small ranches to the people on long time, accepted their notes, and to his credit it is said never foreclosed on a creditor.

Captain Schreiner is now past eighty years of age. One of his early ambitions was to give his eight children a million dollars each—but he has done more than this. He has done what few rich men have done before. He has reared eight eminently successful children, five sons and three daughters, all happy and prosperous. It was the wish of the father that the boys take up his varied business interests—the line of business for which they were best qualified, and in which they had been trained. When the estate was partially divided a few years ago, some of the boys were given ranches and cattle;



Views of home of Captain Charles Schreiner at Kerrville, Texas



Sheep and goats on the Schreiner ranch



Scenes along the beautiful Guadalupe River at Kerrville



A vista on the Guadalupe River



Interior of the home of L. A. Schreiner, showing native deer heads from Schreiner ranches

one was given the Schreiner store; another was given the Schreiner bank; another the wool and mohair business. To the daughters, ranches, cattle, property and money were likewise given, and in this way approximately \$8,000,000 was equally pro-rated. Each of the children received his or her favorite ranch or business enterprise, and all were satisfied. There was no squabbling or quibbling. All the Schreiner children are "favorites" in the eyes of their father, and each received according to his wishes. He had lived to see one of his early ambitions realized—striking contrast to his own start in life fifty years ago with five dollars capital.

Captain Charles Schreiner was born in the little village of Riguevill, France, February 22, 1838, the son of Gustave Adolphe and Charlotte Schreiner. He came to America with his parents when he was fourteen years of age. What little schooling he had, if any, was had in France, for at the age of sixteen young Schreiner joined the Texas Rangers. About this time or shortly thereafter, he married and took up his home in the wilds of Kerr county, dividing his time between tending his herds and fighting Comanche Indians who were a source of discomfort to the early settlers. Then came the Civil War, and the young ranchman heard the call of his country.

Kerr County could not have been an unusually attractive place after the war, but it was there that Charles Schreiner had taken his bride four years before, there he had built a cabin of hand-wrought lumber and shingles, and there he was later to become the owner of great tracts of land and vast herds of cattle, sheep and goats; the owner and operator of a great mercantile establishment and bank, provisioning and financing the entire population for seventy-five miles in all directions. He bought everything the people had to sell and in turn supplied their needs. He became the central figure in all the affairs of his own and adjoining counties. He helped his people prosper and became a rich man. Years ago when there were few large banks in Texas, the Schreiner Bank at Kerrville displayed this notice on the window: "Charles Schreiner, Banker, Individual Responsibility, Over \$3,000,000." But as a matter of fact this amount represented probably less than a third of the owner's actual resources.

In all the references and biographical sketches I have seen of Captain Schreiner, he gives much



Interior of Charles Schreiner Bank, Kerrville. Financially this is one of the strongest private banking firms in the United States, with resources running into the millions. Established in 1869 by Captain Charles Schreiner, the bank is now owned and operated by his son, L. A. Schreiner. A few years ago Captain Schreiner gave to each of his eight children property equivalent to one million dollars. L. A. Schreiner having grown up in the banking business it was but natural that the bank should go to him, the other children receiving ranches and business enterprises for which they were especially suited and trained

tal stock of the original Schreiner store, then known as Faltin & Company. Starting in a small way in 1869, this store grew to be one of the strongest mercantile establishments in Texas, with unlimited credit as well as cash resources. The first year's sales ran somewhere around five thousand dollars. The total annual business now is close to a million dollars yearly.

All the Schreiner enterprises and industries assumed large proportions. Kerrville, being one of the largest wool and mohair markets in the United States, Captain Schreiner soon became known as a large buyer and shipper, the growers consigning their output to him through a wide territory. They had confidence in his judgment and knew his reputation for square dealing. He had built his success largely on personal honor. The wool and mohair industry grew into a business amounting to a few million dollars a year; the store and bank grew in volume of business and resources; the ranch and cattle interests were large enterprises—all the result of the efforts of one man who had come to this country a few years before a penniless French immigrant. Yet with all the influence and power of the combined Schreiner interests, the town of Kerrville was never a "one-man" nor a "one-firm" town. The Schreiners have always headed the list for public improvements and civic betterments, whether it related to building good roads, churches, or schools. The 740-acre site to be used in building a tuberculosis hospital for returned soldiers at Kerrville is the gift of the Schreiner family. A \$150,000 good roads maintenance fund, a \$250,000 fund for building a boys' school are other Schreiner benefactions to

the people of Kerr county and city of Kerrville.

The Schreiner boys are all able and high-minded business men, content to remain in the little town where their father accumulated his wealth. The three daughters—Mrs. H. Partee and Mrs. W. C. Rigsby of San Antonio, and Mrs. S. L. Jeffers of Brownwood are the wives of well-known and successful men of affairs. The proverbial "black sheep" supposed to grace every well-regulated household is noticeably absent in the House of Schreiner.



Home of A. C. Schreiner, Kerrville

Captain Schreiner's most cherished possessions are his eight children. In the matter of rearing a family, he attained the ideal as near as it was humanly possible. Though in his eighty-second year, he still takes an interest in business affairs, and the "boys" take their turn in daily conferences and consultation. Dapper in dress, exacting of his tailor, polished, refined, and cultured, Captain Schreiner is a typical Frenchman, still retaining his affable manners and interest in life and people. An accident a few years ago prematurely disabled him, but aside from this he is wonderfully preserved and apparently good for many happy and joyous years of life. What a splendid type of man he must have been in his younger days!



Home of Gus F. Schreiner, Kerrville

of the credit of his early ventures to his first partner, the late August Faltin. Five thousand dollars of Faltin's money and Captain Schreiner's good judgment and ability represented the capi-

RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

A Romance of the Sleeping Giant—China

WHOEVER has read Samuel Merwin's earlier stories of the China coast will welcome the knowledge that in his latest novel, the "Hills of Han,"* he has returned again to that land of ancient wonder.

The China that Mr. Merwin knows is the China teeming with life, shrouded in mystery, silent, subtle, with portentous undercurrent, now and again rising to the surface and threatening the "honorable" political and social structure.

Into this surcharged and superdramatic atmosphere he invites his readers, disclosing to them in his opening page a perfect familiarity and arousing an absorbing interest in what is to come.

When Mr. Merwin was in China a dozen years ago, he experienced a number of the incidents and met several of the characters that make the "Hills of Han" so absorbingly realistic. But the drama and the story is essentially dramatic—came to him only recently, when the vivid pictures and the stirring events of which he writes had, by time and distance, assumed their true color and their rightful proportions.

In this latest of his long list of notable novels



SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "Hills of Han" and earlier stories of the China coast



Illustration from "Hills of Han," the new novel by Samuel Merwin published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

Mr. Merwin tells an absorbing story. From the moment when Betty Doane, the character about whom the incidents of the narrative revolve, is discovered secretly sketching the profile of the austere Jonathan Bradley, journalist, on the back of a menu card, the reader is content to forget everything else and to follow their devious and eventful wanderings on the road to the "Hills of Han"—and eventual happiness.

There are a number of unusual characters and a plenitude of thrilling situations to hold the reader's close attention to the very end.

*"Hills of Han," by Samuel Merwin. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

A Second Pollyanna?

Will "Smiles" be a second "Pollyanna?" That "Smiles," a Rose of the Cumberlands, by Eliot H. Robinson, quoted variously as "The best-loved book of the year," "the best book I have ever read," by an editor, and "the best book I have ever illustrated," by the artist, is far more than a best-seller for one year, is indicated by the fact that large book sellers are now doubling and trebling their last year's orders for this book to The Page Company, Boston, who publish it. The call for it is as large and as steady as has been the demand for "Pollyanna" for several years, and "Smiles" is already in the eighth printing.



The Poets' Lincoln

This volume contains the tributes of the greatest poets, together with several practically unknown poems written by Lincoln himself. It is profusely illustrated and includes a most complete collection of Lincoln portraits, with index and descriptive text. A valuable addition to any library. Price, \$1.50.



Heart Songs

This book is to music what "Heart Throbs" is to literature

Over 500 pages bound in cloth and gold . . . \$3.50

CHAPPEL PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.
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Where Love and Calories are Intermingled

The heroine of "Outside Inn,"* by Ethel M. Kelley, is a humanitarian and an advocate of the balanced ration theory. She runs an efficiency tea room and serves suffering humanity not only what it wants, but what it needs. She brings the flush of health to the waxen cheek of



ETHEL M. KELLEY

Author of "Outside Inn" and other stories

the anemic shop girl and the lathesomeness of youth to the heavy-necked man about town. Incidentally she falls in love with one of her patrons, who proves not to be the proper Prince but in the end the right one claims her.

The story is bright and amusing, the dialogue sparkles like the silver in the tea-room, several love tangles are straightened out to the satisfaction of everyone concerned, including the reader, and it is quite apparent that Miss Kelley had as good a time writing the story as the reader has in reading it. "Outside Inn" is more than a place to dine—it is an institution—and during its career demonstrates the fallacy of certain theories and the truth of certain everyday facts.

*"Outside Inn." Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Mary Pickford to be "Mag of the Alley"

Once more Mary Pickford is going to portray the "poor little rich girl" living part of her life amidst luxury and the rest in the slums, this time as Margaret Kendall alias "Mag of the Alley," little heroine of "Cross Currents and the Turn of the Tide," by Eleanor H. Porter, author of the "Glad Books." Miss Pickford has just signed a contract with The Page Company, Boston, publishers of these books for dramatization of the story for the screen by her own company. The numerous admirers of this beloved and well-known actress will anticipate eagerly seeing her as "Mag of the Alley."

The Coming Pilgrim Peace Jubilee

Continued from page 154

that will bring to our port of Boston hundreds of thousands of foreigners who are curious to know this nation that has become so dominant in the world's affairs. Such an exposition will not only bring these visitors, but the nations of the world will gladly participate in it, particularly our allied nations, in recognition of our efforts in the World War.

"Commercially such an exposition will force the countries of the world to put their commercial cards on the table, and I am one who believes that they will be a material benefit to the United States, particularly to this community. We speak of our export business. Some of us business men dream of export business, but we do not understand it as our foreign competitors understand it. This is one opportunity for us to bring the customers of the world to our own doors. Such an opportunity has never existed before. It seems to me that we should take advantage of it."

Warren G. Harding—the Man

Continued from page 174

the family, became its special bearer and custodian. I carried that particular piece of millinery from Paris to Calais, and from Calais to Dover, and from Dover to London, and from London to Liverpool, and was bothered with it from one side of the Atlantic to the other, and when we landed in New York City, and a more or less vain woman put on her Paris hat here to go out and show it to New York, and we started down Fifth Avenue, we had not gone a block until in a show window was the identical hat that I purchased and carried from Paris.

"The tariff is a tax, and I gave up \$40 in Paris for a hat and found it in a window in New York city advertised at \$24."

The scene now shifts to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, in 1920. The time for constructive leadership in the most crucial period of the world's history has come. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Even the delegates were confused. Day after day passed. Ballot after ballot was taken. The convention was deadlocked. The long vigils and sleepless nights brought no solution, until somebody whispered: "With Harding in the White House, the country can sleep nights." Slowly, surely, the deep, sober judgment of the convention began to crystalize about the sentiment. The more the delegates thought about it, the more they came to believe it—the wonder was that they had not thought about it before. Not by sudden action, but by slow birth a great leader in American politics was born.

When Warren G. Harding, the Man, appeared, the campaign for "Sound Government" was on.

When I arrived in Marion on Monday morning, after the nomination in Chicago, the big whistles in the "shovel factory" sounded for the call to work. They sounded like ocean liner whistles, announcing the approach of a big leviathan. Here is where the steam shovels were invented and made that dug the Panama Canal. In the railroad restaurant, and everywhere, were evidences of the celebration on Saturday night when the news was received. Every electric light post on East Center Street was adorned with a cluster of flags. Crude photographs were hastily posted in the windows of homes and stores. Here were the home folks among whom he had lived, and when I asked a small boy of twelve in the restaurant if he knew Mr. Harding, "Nope, I never saw Mr. Harding, but I know his doctor, I mean his father." The girl in the ticket office told me the hotel was

not far away, and that Mr. Harding was a fine man. The trains were coming in from all directions—Erie, Hocking Valley, Big Four and Pennsy, indicating that Marion will be another Canton for the pilgrimage of admirers and supporters of the candidate when the front porch campaign begins.

In walking down East Center street, the churches on one side and a school on the other impressed me with what the average American town considers first. There was the omnipresent Orpheum and moving picture houses, billboards, and all the appurtenances that belong to the average small city. It was a hot day, and some of the housewives were rocking on the porch under the vines for a breathing-spell after the morning work. There was the old stone courthouse from which the street cars and interurban started. On the Marion County Bank was a sign saying it was founded in 1839, so that it must be understood that Marion is a city with a

history. Everybody seemed to be mowing the front lawn and painters were busy, for Marion appreciated its responsibility in the coming campaign.

The temptation was too much, and I dropped in at the stores to find out just what they thought of Warren Harding. One of the first men I met was Curtis, the undertaker. He announced that he had always been a Democrat, but insisted that Warren G. Harding was a "live one" and this was the year that he would vote the Republican ticket. The plumbers, the bakers, the little shoe shops and the big department stores were filled with people who were eager to talk about W. G., as he is affectionately called. Already an organization has been started by Dick Crisinger, who was twice the Democratic nominee for Congress, to organize a Harding-for-President Club that would make it practically unanimous in the Marion district. Old-time Republicans rubbed their eyes as they *(Continued on page 189)*



The laborer is worthy of his hire

All service is worthy of its hire and good service cannot be continuously obtained unless adequately rewarded.

From the beginning of telephone history the American public has received the best telephone service of any country in the world. In proportion to the service rendered the people have paid less for this telephone service than any other country in the world.

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Old Oaken Bucket, too.
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Is gentle Mother's choice;
While in Lorena or Ben Bolt
Is heard Aunt Nancy's voice.

It's Uncle Ned sings Belle Mahone,
And then The Evening Star;
But Terry, whirling o'er the roads,
Prefers The Low Backed Car.
And now Grandfather leads the tune
When You and I Were Young,
But, silent, turns his face away
When Bonny Doon is sung.

The baby, cuddling down to sleep,
Hums, Mary Had a Lamb,
And sister practicing for church
Pours out Just As I Am.
John Anderson, our Jeannie trills
To pictures in the fire;
And Nowell, Nowell, pipe the twins,
A happy Christmas Choir.

But list! Our College girls and boys
Come trooping through the door,
They sing the songs that we have
sung,

And half a hundred more
From Nelly Gray to Love's Young
Dream
Their fleeting fancies roam
Till Mother bids them all good-night,
By singing Home, Sweet Home.

Mary Livingston Burdick

THE CROSS-ROADS

A trembling out-stretched hand—
An open door.
A grave and somber silence
Fills the room.
I hate to say good-bye,
For evermore
To leave you there, but yet,
The hard roads loom
Against the darkened sky
Where paths must part,
And each must go a separate way.
God knows
I'd much prefer to stay.
It tears my heart
To venture out upon
The route I've chose.

Fowler Hill.

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women, better able physically to meet the problems of everyday life, I believe that physicians should at every opportunity prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for in my experience it is one of the best tonic and red blood builders known to medical science."

"Without iron there can be no strong, red-blooded men," says Dr. T. Alphonso Wallace, a physician of many years' experience, formerly of the British Naval Medical Service. "Unless this strength-giving iron is obtained



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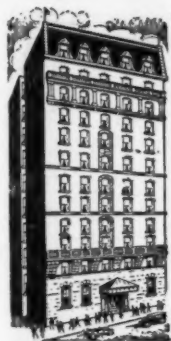
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At Georgie Price's Home

Continued from page 166

Among those present were Lillian Lorraine, all the Timbergs, Gus Edwards, the tailor, Mrs. Price, and Georgie. The party ran along smoothly. The famous Mister Edwards played over a number of his latest compositions, Lillian Lorraine, then the chorus girl in "School Days," and now the Broadway musical comedy star, danced; ice cream was served, and the tailor called on Georgie to sing.

And with all the confidence in the world Georgie broke into the strains of "Come Back to Old Manhattan, Molly." Then he told several jokes, imitated Lillian Lorraine's dance and sang Gus Edwards' pet song, "School Days." It was smooth sailing from that point on. Before the evening was over, Mrs. Price had placed Georgie with Gus Edwards. What happened afterward reads like a fairy tale.

Few children ever took as naturally to the stage as Georgie Price. With but little coaching he was able to learn songs, stories, and dances in time for a change of material at each performance. Besides, he was blessed with a clear, pleasing voice. It was only a matter of weeks before Edwards took him from a minor part and let him have the stage to himself while the child went thru a series of impersonations.

By the time Georgie reached the age of twelve he was well known on every vaudeville stage in America. And with his fame was linked that of a little girl known to the stage profession as "Cuddles," but to American audiences as Lila Lee. Both youngsters injected a youthful cheer that went far toward making Gus Edwards' many song revues popular. And when Edwards saw that both Lila and Georgie were entitled to an individual place in stardom, he placed Lila Lee in motion pictures and opened the way for Georgie Price to become a vaudeville star. This happened two years ago. Georgie has since found his way into the brightest lights on Broadway and leaves them voluntarily to star in motion pictures produced by his own company.

"If all that makes any story," Georgie concluded, "you are welcome to it. Stage fame amounts to so little when you consider the important things of the day that it seems to me I haven't much to be ashamed of, and not much to be proud of outside of my family and friends."

That's about all I found out. We were again staring in silence when Mrs. Price shoved aside the portieres with the announcement:

"Georgie, you should be licked. I should know you are sitting here waiting for supper, and me across the hall chewing the rag. Your act starts at nine-one, young man. And listen to me, you get a haircut before you go on tonight."

"All right, mamma," he replied meekly.

"Georgie, why don't you invite—"

"I did that two hours ago, mamma."

It was a dandy supper, too!

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In galaxies on every side,
To great Memorial dawn.
Lillies of France!

Stalwart ye stand
Upon the land
As stood your soldier at his guard,
Yet graceful ye as woodland fay,
In the light wind your tall forms sway
All about my humble sward.
Lillies of France!

In every time
And every clime,
For regal hues you've journeyed wide.
Your beauteous blooms recall the tale
Of every state and every sail
That fought on land or dared the tide.
Lillies of France!

Yet Fleur de Lis
From o'er the sea,
This day I care not for that past,
It leaves me cold,
But in my hand my hat I hold,
In tribute to your patriots bold,
Who at Verdun stood fast.
Lillies of France!

—H. D. Thompson.

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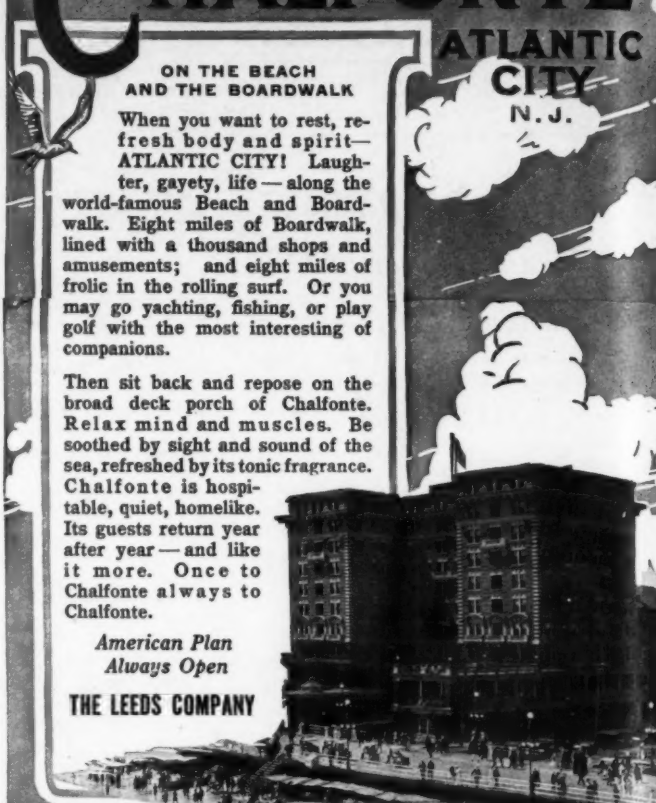
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Warren G. Harding—the Man

Continued from page 185

...this wheel-horse Democrat at work for Harding.

On Mount Vernon Street, lined with beautiful maples, is located the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harding. They were preparing for the home-coming, and the three-hundred feet of porch space was being polished. It was a simple, modest, but substantial home. In the early struggles with the *Star*, Warren Harding courted and won the favor of Florence Kling. The father opposed the match, and insisted that they should be married with his consent, but the young people continued right on and drew the plans for a house of their own in which to be married. In the meantime, the bride-to-be became circulation and business manager of the *Star*, and the tide soon turned towards profits to help pay off the debt and build a home.

The long-looked-for day of the wedding arrived, and in the new house, scarcely completed, a simple ceremony was performed without the presence of the bride's father, which made the young editor, Warren G. Harding and Florence Kling, man and wife. As the guests departed, they saw a picture of the young bride and groom standing in the doorway. With his arms around his wife, some of the guests now recall the expression on his face that suggested the words, "Our home, Florence," little thinking that their future home might be in the White House at Washington.

The real relations to friends at home are expressed in the instructions given to all workers and reporters on the *Marion Star*, by Warren G. Harding, "The Man," when he launched his career.

"Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong. Be decent; be fair; be generous. Boost—don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good in everybody, and never, needlessly, hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting a political gathering, give the facts; tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there's any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can possibly be avoided never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortune of a relative. Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking, and, above all, be clean and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

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